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The Shape of Things

THAT MR. ROOSEVELT HAS REGAINED HIS prestige in Congress is indicated by the vagueness of the Congressional leaders about the date of adjournment. When the "revolt" was in full swing, they did not hesitate to say that Congress wanted to go home; now it is up to the President. The spending-lending bill is assured of passage; the wage-hour bill will pass at least in the House, although it may bog down in conference. There is some doubt about the government-contracts bill, but real pressure from the New Dealers and the combined labor forces should keep Congress in session until it is passed. Its provisions—that no government contract shall be awarded to any firm that fails to live up to government wage-and-hour standards or to comply with NLRB rulings—are not only fair; they should be insisted upon by any self-respecting government. The resolution for setting up an eleven-man joint Congressional-departmental committee to conduct the monopoly study is admirable and should be passed. The idea of a cooperative study by members of both houses and experts from the Departments of Labor, Justice, and the Treasury and from the SEC and FTC is a fruitful one; and the monopoly study is the only thing on the horizon which may be counted on to go deeper into ways for meeting the depression than the spending-lending measure goes. Meanwhile the railroad muddle is as hopeless as ever, with very little prospect of passage even for the fragmentary and inadequate measures now before Congress.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM FACES THE CONFERENCE committee dealing with the wage-hour bill. The A. F. of L. has put itself on record as insisting on a uniform minimum wage throughout the country; the Southern Senators have threatened a filibuster rather than yield on the right of Southern textile mills, lumber mills, and pecan factories to pay starvation wages. The principle of a uniform national minimum is excellent; the danger is that, in order to pass, the bill will have to pitch it so low that wages may be dragged down all over the country. A solution may be found by establishing the minimum for the country as a whole, and leaving it to industrial boards under Labor Department supervision to make whatever adjustments are necessary above that level. But whatever the difficulty on this score, the

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bill must be passed. The Southern Senators who will oppose it are not concerned about the possibility of depressing wages in the North but about the threat to the feudal privileges of their powerful constituents in the South.

*

IN THE PRESS JOHN L. LEWIS, THE C. I. O., and the Administration were knocked back on their heels by the results of the Pennsylvania primaries. At the polls, however, they fared pretty well. Lieutenant Governor Thomas Kennedy, the C. I. O. candidate for governor, carried more counties than his victorious rival, Charles Alvin Jones, who had the backing of the powerful state Democratic machine with all its money, patronage, and influence. Outside of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, Kennedy polled upward of 25,000 votes more than Jones, a notable gain in enlisting the hitherto conservative farm vote on the side of labor. To those who saw in the results a blow at the Administration, Jim Farley can point to a Democratic total of 1,300,000, as compared with the previous high of 569,000 in 1934. With labor's creditable showing in mind, it is well to remember that, besides the usual handicaps involved in fighting a well-oiled machine, Pennsylvania trade unionists had to contend with the C. I. O.-A. F. of L. split in its most virulent form and with the drift of some C. I. O. votes to Pinchot, whose personal friendship with Lewis is known throughout the state. Pinchot's surprisingly emphatic defeat for the Republican nomination at the hands of one Arthur H. James is distinctly an advantage for the Democrats. A Pinchot running for the Republicans in November might prove tempting to the C. I. O., but James is a match for Jones in obscurity. With the C. I. O. resigned to voting Democratic there is at least a good chance that Governor Earle will go to the Senate. Earle is surely no white knight of labor, but he would look like Galahad in the seat now held by "Puddler" Jim Davis.

*

COMING ON THE HEELS OF THE NEW DEAL victory in the Florida primaries a week earlier, the outcome in Pennsylvania was used by the tory press to induce Democratic Congressmen who were scrambling aboard the Roosevelt bandwagon to hurry right off again. But before the doubting Thomases could find a jumping-off place the wind changed once more. Oregon reported a victory for Henry L. Hess, an ardent New Dealer, over Governor Charles H. ("Ironpants") Martin, the doughty major general who once referred to Frances Perkins as "that miserable Secretary of Labor." Martin's governorship has been marked by "law and order" attacks on organized labor, and bitter opposition to the National Labor Relations Board. Despite his claims to a political affinity with the Administration, the Governor's labor-baiting was so vigorous that the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., bitter foes on the West coast, were induced to unite in support of Hess—and their union had much to do with Martin's defeat. Since it was "Ironpants" himself who branded his opponent as "a John L. Lewis candidate," there is warrant enough for the C. I. O. to crow over the Oregon victory. Those Congressmen who look to the primaries for indication of which way to jump should get into physical trim, for they have a good deal of jumping still to do. The New Deal has a stake in senatorial nominations for Senator Barkley in preference to Governor Chandler in Kentucky, for Governor Johnson in South Carolina, and for Representative Wearin in Iowa.

*

THE FALL OF HSUCHOW TURNED OUT TO BE less disastrous for China than was commonly feared. Although reports are conflicting, it appears that Chiang Kai-shek was able to withdraw his main troops in good order some days before the final capture of the city. Chinese losses were heavy, but not so heavy as was to be expected under the circumstances. While the Japanese have attained their immediate objective of linking Nanking and Peiping, they have not yet gained control of the whole coastal area. Large bodies of Chinese troops are still fighting in Shantung and northern Kiangsu. Eighth Route Army units are extremely active in the Peiping-Tientsin area. Under the circumstances talk of a Japanese attack on Hankow is premature. The Chinese defenses along the Yellow River are intact. A drive across country from Hsuchow would involve a march of more than a hundred miles without railroad communications, which would seem beyond Japan's present capabilities. It will be recalled that it has taken the Japanese nearly five months to advance a much shorter distance down the Tientsin-Pukow railway from Tsinan to Hsuchow.

*

MAYOR HAGUE IS ON THE DEFENSIVE; WHILE reports of a treaty of peace between the United States and Jersey City may be premature, national resentment, voiced by liberals and conservatives alike, is making itself felt. The threat of federal exposure has become increasingly real; in Hague's principality men are openly demanding the freedom so generously permitted across the river. Whether he will capitulate now or endeavor to prolong hostilities is still uncertain, but there can be no doubt that the public wrangle among his foes, as evidenced once more in last week's dispute over peace terms, can only delay his surrender. It cannot be denied, however, that these terms invite dispute. No serious compromise with a weakening tyrant should be tolerated; while a Jersey City "Hyde Park" may be a feasible plan, the proposal that Hague should determine which "foreign" speakers shall be admitted and bestow permits accordingly is unthinkable. Private discussion of these issues should not obscure the fact that the battle to restore democracy to Jersey City is now reaching its climax. It will not be won, whatever peace settlement is attained, until men like Jeff Burkitt and Frank Longo are free. This is not the time to relax public pressure; nor should progressives wage a comic-opera struggle over peace terms while the conditions of war still obtain.

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AN UNDERGRADUATE DISPUTE AT THE University of Wisconsin has unfolded symptoms of racial and sectional intolerance which may leave an ugly scar on that institution. Each April the retiring student board of control of the *Cardinal,* undergraduate newspaper, selects the new editor; this year the choice was Richard Davis, who happens to be Jewish, liberal, and an Easterner. The incoming board, said to be dominated by conservative fraternity students, promptly ousted Davis. Its action precipitated a strike of a large majority of the present staff and aroused deep resentment on the campus. Feeling was increased when an outspoken fraternity leader was quoted as saying that Fraternity Row "doesn't want another Jewish editor." That the accusation of anti-Semitism has genuine roots is attested by the forthright protest of Dean George Sellery, noted for his fearlessness in such affairs. The Dean denounced the "appeal to race prejudice" and supported the plea of Davis's supporters for an undergraduate referendum on the ouster. The situation is an admittedly difficult one and the sources of conflict are deep; but President Dykstra's conduct has been disappointing. He has discouraged the referendum move; he lays the trouble to the fact that the *Cardinal's* last two editors have been popularly identified with "the Eastern class-struggle point of view rather than the Wisconsin liberal tradition." At a time when Wisconsin progressivism is making so bold a bid for national support, this issue provides a small but potentially important testing-ground which neither President Dykstra nor Governor La Follette can afford to ignore.

*

ADJUTANT GENERAL RALPH IMMELL, HEAD of the Wisconsin National Guard and state WPA administrator, has been named executive director of the new National Progressive Party. General Immell is not unknown outside his native state. As commander of the National Guard, he was in the news during the Wisconsin milk strike of 1933 when, according to the New York *Times,* a thousand soldiers "with gas and clubs" routed the strikers and jailed two hundred. Last year, when his name was mentioned as a possible candidate for governor, he said: "I am a soldier and my psychology is a military one. I have always taken orders from my superiors and if I receive instructions to run for governor I will do so." It was General Immell, we are told, who was primarily responsible for the stagecraft and the organized emotionalism of the Madison meeting at which the new movement was launched. Now it has been decided that he shall devote all his talents to "the party."

*

BETHLEHEM STEEL'S PLEBISCITE APPROVED the cancelation of the company's management-ownership plan by a vote of 3,065,412 shares as against 5,235. A more striking illustration of corporate fascism would be difficult to find. In 1930 Bethlehem, which is known for the handsome salaries and bonuses paid to its inner circle, permitted twelve directors and three ranking officers of the company to purchase $13,063,076 worth of stock on a liberal instalment basis. Eugene G. Grace himself subscribed for $6,183,000 worth. As the depression deepened and the market price of the stock fell far below the $91.60 level set in the contract, the trustees under the plan generously waived the instalment payments, the trustees being none other than Grace, Robert E. McMath, and Frederick A. Shick, whose combined debt under the arrangement was more than $7,000,000. On March 31 of this year these fifteen had repaid the company a scant $2,757,171, and their indebtedness, with accrued interest, amounted to $12,017,144. Had the stock gone up, the directors could have cashed in for a profit on a nominal investment. But since it had gone down, they asked the stockholders to cancel the whole arrangement. A group of minority stockholders protested, and succeeded in forcing the corporation to postpone the meeting at which the issue was to be decided. The management, however, had a tremendous advantage in being able to state its case to the stockholders in repeated appeals for proxies, while opponents of the plan were unable to reach the shareholders. The result is another great victory for individual initiative. "Business," said Mr. Schwab in defending both the original plan and its cancelation, "gets great returns by giving its employees an incentive." Who could be in a better position to judge?

Prague Shows the Way

FOR a few hours during this past week-end the situation in Europe looked more serious than at any time since 1914. Two Sudeten Germans were killed by Czech soldiers on the German frontier. The Nazi press launched another of its inspired press attacks on Czechoslovakia. Disturbances were reported from various parts of the Sudeten area. All sorts of rumors flew through the capitals of Europe: that both the Germans and Czechs were mobilizing, that the German-Czech, the Polish-Czech, and even the Hungarian-Czech frontiers had been closed.

Many of these rumors subsequently turned out to be false. There is no evidence that Hitler had contemplated striking on this particular week-end. But if he entertained any such plan, his mind was changed by the firm stand taken by the Czech and French governments. Czechoslovakia's swift action in calling 80,000 reservists to the colors was rightly interpreted as an indication that the Czechs would fight if the country was invaded. Paris made it clear that an attack on Czechoslovakia would mean war. Even England indicated its concern by twice requesting information regarding rumored German troop movements. Faced by the virtual certainty that a misstep on the Czech frontier would bring a war in which France, the Soviet Union, and probably England would be lined up in support of Czechoslovakia, Hitler moved very circumspectly.

It is perhaps unwise to speak too confidently in view

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of the fact that the Czech crisis is not yet over. Last Sunday's elections were but the first of a series which are to last until mid-June. The government's new nationality statute has not yet been made public. Much can happen in the next fortnight to weaken the relatively strong strategic position which the democratic powers hold at this moment. The intervention of the British government as "peacemaker" may have only the ill effect of weakening the Czech position. But it cannot be denied that the Nazis have slipped a long way since the seizure of Austria. Within the past two weeks Hungary has followed the example of Rumania and Yugoslavia in detaching itself rather cautiously from Berlin's orbit. The new Imredy government will not be anti-German, but it has probably saved Hungary from a Nazi coup.

Most significant of all for the preservation of democracy in Europe is the breakdown of the Franco-Italian negotiations. A week ago it looked as if Spain were doomed by the French acceptance of Mussolini's demand that the Spanish frontier be closed. And a fascist Spain would have rendered France useless as a defender of Czech independence. Mussolini's speech, coupled with a stiff warning from the Soviet Union, has brought Daladier to his senses. As a result of supplies rushed into Catalonia in recent weeks, the Spanish government has shown itself to be far from defeat. The French have apparently realized that a victory for the Loyalists, or even a continuation of the war, means more to France than any promise Mussolini can make.

Refusal to close the Spanish frontier, if maintained, will deal a crushing blow to Chamberlain's policy of bribing the dictators. Chamberlain has staked his political future on his agreement with Italy. It was to be the model for subsequent negotiations with Germany. The Italian agreement does not come into effect until Mussolini has withdrawn at least a portion of his troops from Spain. But Franco needs more, not fewer Italians, if he is to resume his offensive. And Mussolini has declared categorically that he will not even allow the census of "volunteers" to begin until France closes its frontier. Thus Chamberlain is placed in the ridiculous position of having dismissed the most popular Foreign Minister of recent years, of having stirred up a furor in all the foreign ministries of Europe and in America, of having torn the League asunder, and of having given the opposition their first big issue in many years, only to have his policy backfire before it is even put into effect. The Chamberlain program has contributed materially to the general disintegration of the forces which keep Europe from war. Unless some constructive program is adopted to replace it, the anarchy of armed conflict may soon replace the political anarchy of today. On the other hand, the chances of avoiding war may be greater because of the speed with which the Chamberlain policy has been discredited. There is at least a chance that France, not England, will determine the foreign policy of the non-fascist powers, and that a new effort will be made to forge a firm defense against aggression and war. In this effort the courage and vigor displayed by the Czechs may prove a vital factor.

Relief as the Devil

THE recent New Deal victories need explaining. The devil must be in it somewhere. Looking around for one, the professional demonologists like Amos Pinchot, Mark Sullivan, Hugh Johnson, and Arthur Krock have rediscovered the political potency of relief and WPA money. Not only is a campaign still being waged in Congress to earmark the WPA and PWA funds so that Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes will have to follow Congressional blueprints in disposing of the money voted them, but another campaign is being waged in the press to discount and explain away the New Deal political victories on the ground that they have, after all, been bought. If this campaign is being waged with an eye to the fall elections, it is poor strategy. For if it is true that relief and PWA expenditures influence votes, the continued emphasis on that fact can only serve to underline it in the minds of the recipients of aid. Those who will be indignant are those already opposed to the New Deal, who will never come within a mile of needing relief. To rephrase a remark that Mr. Krock once made, the campaign for earmarking is being used mainly as a device for face-saving.

Vice-President Garner's *bon mot,* "You can't beat a government that has four billion dollars to spend as it likes," is being quoted approvingly, if somewhat pessimistically, by the New Deal foes. But Mr. Garner was not referring to a new fact in American political history. The "pork barrel" we have always had with us. In the past government money was handed out primarily as a result of Congressional log-rolling, in the form of fat contractors' fees for public buildings and huge subsidies to favored industrialists; it is now handed out largely to those whom capitalist collapse has left destitute and unemployed, in the form of a chance to work at wages a good deal below the decency level.

The campaign for earmarking funds would have some sense if the alternative to allocation of money by Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes were not allocation by Congressional pressure groups and lobbies. But Walter Lippmann, who on this question as on that of executive reorganization has had sensible things to say, agrees that administrative discretion on this matter is far better than Congressional discretion. The former leads to the danger of too great executive power—but as we have frequently said, democratic survival depends on the administrative strengthening of the executive. The latter leads only to further Congressional log-rolling. Actually the dangerous pressures are to be found in what may be called "negative earmarking." When Senator Adams of Colorado seeks to make sure that none of the PWA funds will go to municipalities for building power plants, he is using the spending fund for obstructing the healthy movement to make public utilities genuinely public.

Because it is impossible to make a direct attack on Mr. Hopkins or Mr. Ickes, both of whom have shown themselves models of administrative integrity, the campaign for earmarking has been a generalized one, loaded

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with vague insinuations and unable to give a bill of particulars. A specific charge, however, is to be found in the current issue of Henry Luce's *Life,* which is evidently finding its circulation of over a million an irresistible temptation to verbal as well as pictorial special pleading. *Life* shows that the largest relief sums are going to the politically doubtful states in the Middle West and elsewhere rather than to the Southern states, which are traditionally democratic. There is force in the argument. Yet Hugh Johnson explained away the Florida primaries victory on the ground that a disproportionate amount of money was poured into Florida, one of the "safe" states. Perhaps the editors of *Life* would do well to correlate relief expenditures with the areas of greatest unemployment—that is, the industrial states, which have always been politically doubtful.

The tories are simply failing to get at the fundamental truth when they claim that relief is being distorted to the uses of politics. The cold political fact is that relief *is* politics. It is politics because in a time of desperate depression any Administration that goes counter to big-business pressures and uses taxes to keep people from starvation will get the votes of those people. It is, in short, not the allocation of relief that is politics; it is the fact of relief. In the 1936 election, according to the Gallup analysis, 80 per cent of those on relief voted for Mr. Roosevelt; 57 per cent of those who received no money at all voted for him. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt's landslide—as distinguished from what might have been a close victory—was due to his emphasis on the needs of what he has called "the submerged third."

If a concern for the underlying population is politics, then our quarrel with the Administration is that it is not giving us politics enough. Even with the spending program people today are starving—in Chicago, in Cleveland, all over the country. And while even greater spending would be good politics, there is a program which would be even better politics. It is a drastic program of economic planning, which would restore employment and purchasing power and increase the national income. That would get votes because it would give people what they really want—not relief but a chance to work.

Take Chamberlain: He's Yours

PARTISANS are ever prone to bad manners. We don't ask them to remove their hats and bow every time they throw a verbal tomato at an adversary's head. Not even if the adversary is *The Nation.* But partisanship seems to us, in these lowering spring days, to have become disingenuous as well as disagreeable.

Take the isolationists as an example. We know any number of isolationists personally. We know isolationists who are pacifists and isolationists who are big-nav boys. We know isolationists who insist that they are that at all, but Socialists or thwarted internatic We meet them everywhere, even in the pages of *The Nation.* We have never advocated arresting, purging, or otherwise liquidating them.

But how, by comparison, do they deal with *The Nation* and other advocates of a policy of international cooperation? It is not sufficient for most of them to accuse us of being wrong-headed or to assert, as they have every right to, that any policy other than isolation will trip the country into war. That's their story, but they don't stick to it. Their pet charge—and it has been made by our pet isolationists—is that *The Nation* and those who share its views *want* the country to go to war, that we are panting to line up with Chamberlain and Daladier for a final civilization-smashing conflict against Hitler and Mussolini. One of our own regular contributors stated it this way: " . . . my friends who believe in collective security, who have been preparing to put us into war in behalf of the embattled democracies of Europe." If this charge is merely an honest rotten tomato slung in the heat of battle, then our years of journalistic combat have taught us nothing.

No, our opponents know better. They know that we want to prevent war, just as they do. They know that we believe it can be prevented only by groups and nations willing to oppose the fascist march on civilization; not by groups and nations who continue to offer bargains in appeasement to fascist powers. They know, too, that we recognize the risks in our own position: the danger that nothing will be done until it is too late to do anything, and that war will actually descend upon the world—the just and the isolationists alike.

This major distortion has led to lesser ones, among which we select the strategy of our opponents regarding Mr. Chamberlain. Their thesis seems to be this: Chamberlain is a scoundrel; he has betrayed Spain and sold out to Italy; he is conniving at the betrayal of Czechoslovakia, and as soon as that job is finished, he will come to terms with Germany. Where does that leave *The Nation* and others who prate of collective action by the democracies? It leaves them on the end of a limb which Mr. Chamberlain is busy sawing off.

We repudiate this line of argument as much on Mr. Chamberlain's behalf as on our own. Who says he is a scoundrel? We do, of course. We have opposed the British Prime Minister from the moment he took office because he has doused the last faint gleam of hope that England by word or deed or even by so much as a barrel of oil would impede the progress of fascism in Europe. We say so, but how do the isolationists get that way? To our ears Mr. Chamberlain's crimes sound like good isolationist doctrine.

He wants to [illegible] British goods and British money out of a fore[illegible] by war. He wants to placate the [illegible]s of territory and peace [illegible]he hope of [illegible] He

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by strictly isolationist means. The Channel is only twenty miles wide, and fast planes can make the distance in about five minutes. To hold aloof from the quarrels of the Continent under those circumstances takes a bit of finagling, and Mr. Chamberlain must try somehow to achieve the balance of power upon which British detachment depends. In this difficult maneuver he deserves isolationist support; after all, a policy of conniving at fascist blackmail and conquest is the only alternative to collective action. A few isolationists recognize their kinship with Mr. Chamberlain, but these consistent characters are in the minority. Most of the rest attack Chamberlain for refusing to commit Britain to a common front against fascist aggression, while blandly supporting the same position for the United States. With such persons we have little patience. They might at least have the grace to permit other nations to dodge the risks and obligations they so flatly repudiate for their own.

The words of Quincy Howe in the correspondence pages reveal the isolationist fancy in full flight. Mr. Howe sends us an amiably patronizing bid to a crow-eating party on account of our editorial attack last week on the philanderings of the State Department with the British Foreign Office. He quotes from an editorial printed in *The Nation* eight months ago, in which we pleaded for a moderation of the anti-British hysteria then prevalent, and asks us to compare our present stand with that. Let us recall the circumstances of last September: Anthony Eden was in the British Cabinet; Léon Blum was Premier of France; a chance still remained that vigorous efforts by liberal and labor groups here and abroad might strengthen the hands of the anti-fascist elements in both governments and prevent the further destruction of democratic Europe. Those efforts failed; Eden was thrown out of the government, Blum fell, and their successors hastened to bargain for terms with fascism. They failed for a variety of reasons, but not least among them was the known fact that the United States could not be counted upon to support collective action. American isolationism made common cause with British reaction, and the hysteria that *The Nation* deplored was a perverse expression of that alliance.

And so, when the isolationists throw Mr. Chamberlain in our faces, we can only chuck him back again and say, he is yours; you and your like in England are keeping him in power. Our hope, frayed though it is, is pinned not to the stuffed shirt-front of the British Prime Minister but to the anti-government forces, the collective-security forces, that may yet throw him out of office or drive his government, at the point of a ballot, to change its foreign policy. Our hope is pinned to the strength and stubborn courage of the peop[illegible] government in Spain. Our hope finds ne[illegible] mazing stand of the Czechoslov[illegible]

Meanw[illegible] nists w[illegible] e

A Firm Hand in Mexico

SUCH information as is available on the Mexican crisis indicates that President Cárdenas has forestalled a serious revolt by prompt action against General Cedillo. In this he seems to have profited by Spain's unhappy experience. Instead of allowing the reactionaries to choose the time and occasion for their uprising and thus plunge the country into a protracted civil war, he took advantage of a favorable political situation to force Cedillo's hand. While it is too early to say whether or not other right-wing groups will come to the support of the boss of San Luis Potosi, it looks as if Cárdenas had caught the opposition napping. As yet no other Mexican general or prominent political leader has enrolled under Cedillo's banner. Nor has the former Minister of Agriculture been able to make a bid for mass support. The middle class and labor have both been mobilized behind the government, and Cárdenas has succeeded in turning the campaign into a crusade not only against reaction but against the foreign interests that are seeking to regain their former dominance in Mexican affairs.

While no evidence has yet been uncovered linking Cedillo directly with the British and American oil interests, his known political activities clearly put him in the same camp. Cedillo originally came in conflict with the government on the issue of breaking up the large estates, a program which was also fought by important British and American interests. He has obviously found some source of support for his private army, and he is said to have acquired a personal air force of fifty-seven fighting planes, including seven speedy Howard planes from the United States.

The chief danger in the Cedillo revolt lies in the threat of foreign complications. Great Britain has flatly challenged the Cárdenas government on the issue of the oil wells. While there is little danger that Britain will go so far as to intervene directly in the present struggle, the Spanish war has shown that there are more ways than one of producing results. It may be assumed that the American oil interests will aid the rebels financially if they see any chance of a rightist victory. This will place a grave responsibility on the American State Department, which is undoubtedly under great pressure both from American interests in Mexico and from the British government to throw its influence against Cárdenas. Yet the future of the good-neighbor policy in Latin America demands that we support Mexico in its struggle to free itself from foreign influence. The line-up of forces is almost identical with that in Spain. A progressive government supported by an overwhelming majority of the people is opposed by a reactionary military leader backed by a combination comprising large landholders, the Catholic church, and foreign commercial interests. We believe that the State Department, whatever its failings [illegible]ealing with Europe, will show sufficient wisdom to [illegible] second Spanish civil war on our southern border.

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Behind Hull's Embargo

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, May 18

IT HAS been customary to regard Cordell Hull as a prisoner in his own house. Among the State Department career men and the cynical checkerboard diplomats, the Secretary has stood out for his rugged purity of purpose; but he has seemed helpless in the clutch of department routine and the vested habits of the foreign-office mentality. For like all foreign offices the State Department has drunk the heady wine of being at once a political élite and a corps of experts. Like all foreign offices it has therefore claimed diplomatic immunity to the democratic demands to which the more prosy government departments are subject.

Mr. Hull has had his alternations of quiescence and energy. In the beginning there was Moley; and there was a point during the London economic conference at which a witty Britisher, impressed with the ascendancy of Moley over Hull, sang "Moley, Moley, Moley, Lord God almighty." But Hull roused himself—and Hull can be stubborn when aroused—and Moley vanished. But once the domain had been reconquered, the deputies became king. For the shy charm of Mr. Hull is the charm of a man who is uneasy in the world in which he moves. Passionately absorbed in his trade treaties, he allowed other decisions to be made by his skilled subordinates. Rumors began to grow of major blunders, of crucial decisions reached without the Secretary's adequate knowledge or in his absence, of a pro-fascist trend in the department. It was the Pearson and Allen Washington Merry-Go-Round series with its brilliant behind-the-scenes disclosures that particularly got under his skin.

The Secretary comes from Tennessee, and for all his retiring ways a mountaineer's rages slumber in him. Once more, as in the Moley days, Mr. Hull was aroused. He took command of the department again. He held a press conference in which he had a historic tilt with Drew Pearson, distinguished more by the Secretary's zeal in defending his subordinates than by his knowledge or his logic. He took the entire responsibility for department policy on himself. Finally he wrote the letter to Senator Pittman embodying his views on the embargo. Mr. Hull is once more master in his own house.

But in what sort of house? To answer that, one must examine in detail the case of the Spanish embargo.

Congress passed a neutrality law in February, 1936. It was a bad law because it was either too rigid or not rigid enough. But the nation was neutrality-mad and ridden by what Mr. Hull calls the "storm-cellar psychology." When American policy toward Spain had to be shaped, late in 1936, Hull and Under Secretary Sumner Welles were away in South America. Judge Robert W. Moore, counselor to the department, was in charge. Moore, a close friend of Hull's, is a man of seventy-eight now, stiff and formal but with years of political experience and a feel for political sentiment. He bet on the isolationist drive, and applied the existing neutrality law so rigidly to Spain that he authorized Joseph C. Green, head of the munitions control board, to announce the names, makes, and engine numbers of all equipment being sent to Spain. Green, an able career man and far from a liberal, was happy to fall in with this policy. When word came that the Mar Cantabrico was sailing with a Loyalist shipment, Moore and Green trained all their publicity guns on it. The result was the farce of the race between Congress and a freighter. The freighter won, clearing the three-mile limit just before the embargo resolution was rushed through Congress early in January, 1937. For a time under the embargo the State Department sought to bar even the passage of doctors, nurses, and medical supplies.

The State Department has recently tried to wash its hands of responsibility for the embargo resolution. True, Congress passed it in a moment of hysteria. But that hysteria was largely created by State Department publicity; and the resolution itself was undoubtedly the work of its officials. It is needless to underline that the embargo has played into Franco's hands and those of Germany and Italy, that it has penalized a legally constituted government combating a rebellion, that it has acted as a sanction for intervention by "non-intervention" countries, that it has run counter to our whole traditional foreign policy. As this became clearer, the movement for repeal began.

I have been told in the State Department that this is a left-wing movement, and thus the Catholic press and certain dispatches in the New York *Herald Tribune* depict it. This does too exclusive honor to the left. The support for repeal in the Senate has come from men like Borah, Nye, Pope, Thomas, and—so long as the Administration smiled—Pittman. The *Herald Tribune's* own Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, citizens like Henry L. Stimson, Raymond L. Buell, and Carrie Chapman Catt, papers like the Chicago *News*, the Washington *Post*, the Portland *Oregonian*, even the New York *Sun*—these are among the left-wingers in the movement. The

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other charge I heard in the State Department was that there was a munitions lobby in the background, organized by Miles Sherover, the fiscal agent for the Loyalist government. This struck me as curious, since nothing that we know about American munitions men would indicate Loyalist sympathies, and since the arms manufacturers already have a market in Europe for everything they can make.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull

When Senator Borah, anxious to discuss repeal with the President, received a White House invitation in April (he wouldn't go without one), he was preceded at the White House by Sumner Welles. Welles is the President's man far more than Mr. Hull is. His mind is sharp while his manner is smooth and his purpose firm—always a powerful combination. Personally sympathetic to the Loyalist cause, he is a career man who knows his talents will carry him far, and he has learned to distinguish personal sympathy from political exigency and to conceal both behind a perfect mask of a face. His training has been mainly with Latin American problems, and he struck me as having carried over to his larger task the assurance with which a diplomat of wealth and social standing customarily deals with backward governments. What he may have told Mr. Roosevelt on that visit is not known. But it may be inferred from the fact that the President, in talking with Borah, raised difficulties about repeal: it was too late; the munitions would fall into Franco's hands; a third of the American ships would be sunk. There is a persistent report in Washington that some time during the past month Nazi Ambassador Dieckhoff warned our government about ships that might be sunk. Mr. Welles denies it. Yet the warning need not have been anything more than a discreet report of the number of ships already sunk by Franco's submarines (although Franco has no submarines of his own).

But the door was not closed tight. All through April the Administration dawdled with the idea of repeal, torn Hamlet-like between conscience and cowardice. When Senator Nye introduced his resolution, on May 2, rumors began popping that Roosevelt and Hull had swung over to it. Senator Pittman, an Administration wheel-horse, grew more interested. Sumner Welles and Judge Moore were reported as working actively for it. James C. Dunn alone, among the powers in the department, was holding out. Dunn has always been the chief target of the at-

ıte Department "fascists." He is a favorite of Hull, who found him arranging place-cards as chief of protocol, and stepped him up until he became political adviser. His wife, a member of the Armour family and a converted Catholic, had been reported in the press as being openly anti-Loyalist, and Dunn was suspected of sharing her persuasion. But aside from him, the impression spread that the path of repeal was smooth.

Excitement ran high. On May 5 the New York *Times* printed its sensational story that repeal was assured, and that the State Department had given its *nihil obstat*. There can be no doubt the story was true. But when it appeared, the Catholics got busy and reached the President, who was fishing in Southern waters. High church dignitaries came to Washington and talked cold politics. Administration sources of whom I have inquired have denied the report that Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago interceded with the President through Mr. Farley. Yet the report will not down; and Mundelein, as the prize New Deal cardinal, would be the strategic link between Catholic reaction and New Deal realism. Along with the Catholics, the British Foreign Office and its satellites among the major American ambassadors in Western Europe got busy. Mr. Roosevelt came back, his leaning toward repeal vanished. So also was Mr. Hull's and that of the minor Hulls. A new spirit of Chamberlain "realism" pervaded the halls of the archaic building that houses the department. When one found even a guaranteed liberal like Assistant Secretary Berle, a former brain truster and a crony of LaGuardia's, enthusiastic about "facing facts" and irritated with the "propaganda" for repeal, it was clear that the game was up.

The final blow was Secretary Hull's letter to Senator Pittman. I am told that the individual sentences of this deliberately worded and coldly chiseled document were worked over by many hands; but it is clear that the final product and the final responsibility were Mr. Hull's. The Administration put all its force behind the letter. Only a band of heroes could have withstood the combined effect of Catholic votes, State Department learning and authority, Administration pressure, and mental sluggishness—and the Senate committee was not heroic.

I do not believe in personal devils. I hold the President and Mr. Hull responsible for what happened, but there is no sense in railing at them. They did what they did in response to effective forces. What were they?

Let us talk first of the British lion. I know that oversimplifies it, but it will at least serve as a symbol for a complex of forces. It is silly to call any group in the State Department "fascist," unless you are going to find fascists throughout the government. But as far as I can learn, there is a wing of the department that has not yet discovered the New Deal, and even those who know about it have no conception of how to embody it in our

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foreign policy. The career men have never got over their feeling of awe for the predatory gentility of the British ruling class. When you remember that even Ambassador Kennedy, of the Boston Irish, has succumbed to the English political week-end and has become the darling of the Cliveden set, you get an inkling of how fatal this fascination may be. It is not necessary to be fascist in the State Department; the Chamberlain line is enough and has the same consequences as far as foreign policy is concerned.

The passage of the Nye resolution would have been a staggering blow to Mr. Chamberlain's plans, to which a speedy Franco victory is central. The Chamberlain game has been to convince the Administration that the Loyalist cause is hopeless, convince Daladier that America would never lift the embargo and that keeping the Spanish frontier open would be futile, and convince the British people that Mr. Roosevelt approved of the Chamberlain policy. This policy worked as far as we were concerned because foreign offices are prone to act wishfully on inadequate information.

All the "realistic" reasons which the President and the officials of the State Department have given for their decision have been vitiated by being based on British premises and official information. Why should we believe that Loyalist resistance is over? It is not over unless British tactics are successful. Why should we believe that American supplies would not get to the Loyalists? Actually, non-war material has been getting to them, as have Soviet munitions. I understand the State Department is in possession of a complete report that shows the amount of shipping that has entered Mediterranean ports. Why should we believe that Daladier will close the frontier, when he would risk serious riots throughout France and his Soviet alliance in the bargain? What actual weight have we given to the reports to the State Department from our own ambassador in Spain, Claude Bowers, an able observer and a passionate believer in democracy, whose version of the facts differs in essence from the British?

In addition to the British lion, there is the Catholic vote. The biggest factor within the State Department was British pressure, but the biggest factor in the mind of the President was the Catholic vote. Mr. Hull has said some indignant things about organized pressure from the left. Will he deny that the greater part of the congratulations he has received on his stand come from Catholics? If this is a fact, he can scarcely feel elated over it. The Washington *Times* had the courage to write, "It is a cold political fact that the Catholic church has taken a determined stand in favor of General Franco." There are more than twenty million Catholics in this country. On the issue of the Spanish struggle, as on other issues, their hierarchy is now presuming to speak for them and is using their potential political power in such a way as to create a state within a state. And so far they have succeeded. For it is another "cold political fact" that Mr. Roosevelt, who has braved concentrated wealth, has not braved the risk of losing the votes around Boston, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Baltimore.

The Catholic stand is bound to prove a boomerang. I have just seen a letter sent out by Guy Emery Shipler, editor of the *Churchman,* to many leaders of Christian thought throughout the country. It is a good letter, because it speaks plainly when the time has come to speak plainly; yet it handles the delicate issue without rancor or intolerance. It challenges the hierarchy to prove that its rank and file stands with it on the issue of Franco. And it calls on the Christian conscience to redouble its efforts to lift the embargo. Meanwhile the real historical irony in this politicizing of the Catholic church is that the most effective blow in defense of British foreign policy has been struck by the American Irish.

The Secretary of State is a sincere man. He is primarily an international liberal, believing in low tariffs, economic freedom, and international good-will. But that is only one aspect of the man. The other side is only now emerging from the alembic of the embargo crisis. One phase of it is the sheer and amazing political cynicism of the letter to Senator Pittman. I am informed that the composition of the letter caused agonies of mind and heart. I can well believe it, knowing the Secretary's past record. The contradiction in Mr. Hull is that while the Secretary is a liberal, he has not proved himself a democrat. If he were, he could not have allowed his irritation at the pressures and criticisms directed at him to develop into a hostility toward the movement for lifting the embargo. To be sure, the delegations that visited the Secretary and Judge Moore allowed their sense of urgency to interfere with the best State Department manner. They were teachers, ministers, workers. What right had Mr. Hull to resent them? This was no synthetic lobby, organized by a Rumely. This was a movement that came closer than any other in recent times to being the authentic voice of the American conscience.

Drawing by Schreiber

Senator Gerald P. Nye

And for that reason the struggle is not over. The State Department and the President have spoken; the people have yet to be heard from. The tragedy is that

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victory, when it comes, may come too late to be more than a gesture to the ghost of Spain. Or the result may be not even a phantom victory but a vast disenchantment of Americans with all our fumblings toward "neutrality"—a disenchantment sharp enough to increase isolationist sentiment to the point of tying the President and the State Department hand and foot in their foreign policy. And the Administration game is dangerous for another reason as well. The victory of Spanish landlordism and feudal tyranny is the victory also of the mother of all South American tyrannies. No one should know better than Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles how perilous the Latin American situation is, and how responsive to what happens in Europe. And no one should know better than they that you cannot be Old Deal abroad and remain New Deal at home. For every triumph of the totalitarian states creates a climate of opinion at home in which American democracy must in the end stifle.

Hungary—the Spain of the East

BY HENRY B. KRANZ

HUNGARY is the last foothold of the Middle Ages. That is why I once called the Magyars the "Spaniards of the East." Here the peasant still kisses his lord's hand humbly. And the lord still feels himself the head of a large family whose unremitting labor he repays by his fatherly providence. Piety is traditional here. Duels are still the order of the day. And patriotic pride is drunk in by children with their mother's milk: Hungarian history is awe-inspiring, all Hungarian soldiers are brave, all Hungarian statesmen are wise, no other dance is as wild as the *czardas,* and tokay is the fieriest wine.

Here Orient and Occident meet. This wedding of the two civilizations has created a gay, varicolored scene of picturesque charm. The peasant still dresses in all the colors of the rainbow. On the Hungarian plain, nobles and shepherds alike ride on blooded horses of an ancient strain. But here, as in Spain, may be found the most glaring contrasts—spendthrift aristocrats and starving peasants, pious provincial officials and a revolutionary proletariat. The analogy may be carried still farther. Long before the Spanish civil war, back in 1919, there was a Communist government in Budapest, and it actually survived for a few months. Hungary, under Bela Kun, was the first Bolshevist state outside Russia. And then came the counter-revolution, the "white terror," the first fascist government in Europe. Today Hungary is a kingdom without a king, a dictatorship without a dictator, a democracy without the rule of the people. And the secret regent is—Hitler.

The bases of this situation are economic, political, and national. The Magyars are split into a dozen parties. But no matter how bitterly these parties may fight one another, they are agreed upon one thing: the nation comes first. We want, they all proclaim, the revision of the peace treaties. We want a strong army and the liberation of our brothers across the border.

Hitler has proved to the Magyars that a state without military power, with its treasury half empty and the exchange against it, can attain to great political success. Hitler's one weapon was the fanatical nationalism which he whipped up among the Germans. The Magyars believe they are in a similar situation. They, as well as Austria and Germany, were treated very roughly by the victor nations. They lost almost three-quarters of their land and almost 60 per cent of their population. (It is true that this population was not pure Hungarian; it had a strong admixture of Germans, Croatians, Slovaks, and Rumanians.) They also lost their most important industrial towns. Agriculture and stock farming must serve to support the entire country.

Three million Magyars now live within the boundaries of the neighboring states of Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. Only the neighbor to the west, Germany, had, before the Austrian annexation, no Hungarian minority. Germans and Hungarians were companions in arms during the World War. Can one wonder, then, that today "Trianon" is the most hated word in the Hungarian vocabulary? Or that the Magyars prefer the nationalist anti-Semitic ideology of Hitler to Mussolini's fascist tenets? What can they hope to gain from Mussolini, who is separated from them by a powerful Yugoslavia? Will he give them back their port on the Adriatic, that Fiume which was once Hungary's outlet to the seven seas? Hitler promises help in the immediate future. He will disrupt Czechoslovakia and free the 750,000 Magyars within its confines. He will take Croatia and Slavonia away from the Yugoslavs and force the Rumanians to give back rich Transylvania.

Gold and silver, copper and salt, vineyards and woods, water power, coal mines, and factories—all these were torn from the hands of the proud Magyars by the peace treaties. They would make a pact with the devil himself to get back even a part of it. Then why not with Hitler? Moreover, Germany today is the best customer for Hungarian wheat and Hungarian farm labor.

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The Führer knows all this. And since he does not want to risk war by marching into Czechoslovakia he might stick Hungary in his pocket on his way to the fertile fields of the Ukraine. Quite peacefully, of course —greeted with open arms. Who would put any difficulties in his way? The Little Entente, founded to fight Hungarian revisionism? It is relatively unimportant now that the very existence of Czechoslovakia is threatened. Italy? The valley of the Danube is much less important to Mussolini today than the Mediterranean; whence his close friendship with Yugoslavia. And he cannot play the game with both Hungary and Yugoslavia. The Magyars stand alone. Will Hungary defend its independence?

General Gömbös, the former Prime Minister of Hungary, a fanatical nationalist, is dead. And the regent, Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, is not even a Hindenburg. He is an impotent seventy-one-year-old admiral and has no successor. A little country of only 35,900 square miles and some 9,000,000 inhabitants, Hungary is surrounded by countries that have their own troubles. No one is waging war for the sake of a political idea in these days. Most countries think of nothing but the safety of their own boundaries. Should Hitler feel the urge to seize Hungary and bind it to Germany somewhat as Austria and Hungary used to be bound together, hardly a European capital would utter the feeblest war cry. When Austria was wiped off the map, the balance of power in the Danube basin was destroyed forever. Horthy knows this, and so do his friends.

The Germans in Hungary, about 6 per cent of the population, disseminate nationalist propaganda just as Germans do everywhere. Most of the Magyars understand this perfectly. They do it themselves in the states that border on their own. And they are not loath to hear the Germans shout, "Out with the Jews." They feel no pride in the fact that the majority of the "sons of Hungary" who are famous in the world today as artists, musicians, writers, and painters are Jews and not pure Magyars. A new law restricting the rights of the 5 per cent of the population who are Jews was recently enacted, but there are powerful nationalist circles which are still not satisfied. Germany's shining example is before their eyes. They ignore one curious fact: of all the Jews in the world the Hungarian Jew is the most chauvinistic. He considers himself a true Magyar, and is always in the front rank in the fight for revision, beside the land-owning gentry.

The great nobles are less nationalistic than the squirearchy and the Jews. The Hungarian earls are among the oldest aristocrats in Europe, and Hungary has always acknowledged them as its masters—the Andrassys, the Eszterhazys, the Telekis, the Karolys, the Szaparys, and the Hunyadis. A thousand noble families are still the owners of one-third of the arable land, and another eleven hundred landed families own another sixth of the country. But the sons of these noble families served the Hapsburgs. Most of them are cosmopolitans. They have occasionally married the daughters of other nations, particularly Americans. They are just as conservative as the Spanish grandees and the Prussian Junkers, but they are more citizens of the world than these, and they have a humanitarian point of view which is opposed to any sort of terrorism.

The "kingdom of the crown of St. Stephen" has the same governmental form as England. It is ruled by an upper and lower house of parliament. Of the 245 representatives in the lower house 173 are members of the National Union Party. Behind this party stand the landed gentry and the banks. (But voting is secret only in the cities. In the country the unanimous vote is seen to by the constabulary.) A number of smaller groups also vote with the government, among them the Christian Nationalist Party, led by Stephen Friedrich, the Liberal Party, led by Rassay, a few legitimists, a handful of independents, and one Nazi, Hubay. The opposition is unimportant; it includes eleven Social Democrats and twenty-four members of the Small Farmers' Party, whose chief is the temperamental Tibor von Eckhardt. Eckhardt boasts that he is a democrat, but he is also a fiery nationalist. For the time being he is against the Nazis. He has declared: "We have no intention of allowing ourselves to be made the *Südostraum* of the German Empire."

Koloman Daranyi, the former Premier, by tradition a friend of the landowning class, may some day become the Papen of Hungary. The new Premier, Bela Imredy, is a fiery nationalist with pronounced racial ideas but is opposed to the Nazis. In his Cabinet are some who wish the Nazis well, above all Foreign Minister Kanya, who has said: "Who would venture to deny that in many respects Hungary's and Germany's political and economic interests are identical?" Minister of Propaganda Valentin Homan rates as a warm friend of Hitler's. And so do the Minister of Interior, General Franz Keresztes-Fischer; the Minister of War, General Eugene Ratz; and the Minister of Agriculture, Alexander Stranyavski.

In this country of counts even the original Nazi movement was founded by one. Five years ago Count Festetics, a millionaire, started the "Arrow Cross." A quarter of a million peasants follow his bidding, and Germany contributes—good advice. Later a second Nazi group was formed, the *Nemzeti* (National Front). Its leader, Dr. Ferenc Rainiss, has lured the petty officials to his banner; Germany provides the money but stands aloof. A third group is led by a new man, Major Ferenc Szalasi, a fine officer and rabid radical. His party contributes the unemployed and the students. When all Hungary began to hail him as the Hungarian Hitler, German friends finally came to his aid with organization. Today the Hungarian National Socialist Party with its

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slogan, "Anti-Capitalist, Anti-Semitic, National," has in the neighborhood of a million adherents—outside Parliament.

And inside Parliament? At least 50 per cent of the representatives are drawing closer and closer to Nazism. Also an official high in the government like Laszlo Endre and a ranking general like Vilmos Roeder have admitted that the army, like officialdom, is becoming Nazified. The majority in the upper house, all the Hapsburg adherents, the rich counts, and many workers still fight the movement. But the Nazis are already strong enough to gain the mastery, perhaps overnight. Nor is a putsch out of the question. A customs union with Germany would immediately follow. From that to Anschluss would be but a step. And Aryans and non-Aryans would be fraternally united.

Seemingly unmoved by these political struggles, Budapest, Vienna's sister city, lives a gay life. Elegant beaus and ladies of fashion still promenade along the broad avenue that borders the Danube. There is gambling for high stakes in a hundred clubs, and champagne flows in the coffee houses to the accompaniment of passionate gipsy music. But tomorrow the "Spain of Eastern Europe" may be another focus of the European struggle. Hungary, not Czechoslovakia, may well be Hitler's next goal.

In the Wind

JAY ALLEN, prominent pro-Loyalist journalist, was invited to address the annual meeting of the Students' International Union in New York. On the same program was Sir Gerald Campbell, British consul general just shifted from New York to Canada. The subject of the meeting was to be Order in World Affairs. On the morning of the luncheon Allen's secretary received an anxious call from its sponsors. Sir Gerald, they said, was most insistent that Allen refrain from mentioning Spain. At the meeting Sir Gerald discussed Britain's three great contributions to modern international society—the Salvation Army, the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts. Allen talked about Spain.

✶

The press is giving considerable attention to the Nazi spy exposé and the activities of the Dickstein committee. But a federal probe of Nazis in America has already unearthed some much more startling facts. More ominous even than the wide network of Nazi propaganda is the evidence of the extent to which American business interests are bolstering the Hitler regime. These disclosures are coming soon.

✶

The Bergen *Evening Record* is the most important paper in Bergen County, New Jersey. It is consistently anti-fascist and pro-Loyalist, and it runs a notably controversial letter department. *America,* the Catholic weekly, recently singled out an item in the *Record's* letter column as the most "anti-Catholic" newspaper note of the year. A barrage of letters is descending on the publisher, John Borg, who has so far courageously refused to censor his columns. But influential Catholics are talking of a boycott, and some have already started it. And there are 80,000 Catholics in Bergen County.

✶

Westbrook Pegler continues to run into trouble. In addito the New York *World-Telegram* censorship described in *The Nation* on May 14, the *Guild Reporter* now discloses that his columns were omitted and distorted in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* when he wrote about Dave Beck and the West Coast labor movement. Commenting on columnists recently, Walter Winchell wrote: "The boss lets his paragrapher jot down anything that comes into his noodle. The boss can always throw the column away. Hey, Westbrook?" What Winchell, who has become militantly anti-fascist, failed to report, although *Ken* did, was the wire William Randolph Hearst sent to his editors telling them to "edit Winchell very carefully, leave out any dangerous or disagreeable items, leave out the whole column without hesitation." Hey, Walter?

✶

Just a year ago the Spanish Ambassador visited Boston. He received no police escort, no public fanfare, virtually no publicity. Last month Fulvio Suvich, the Italian Ambassador, went to Boston. He got a big press, receptions, a police escort, and a banquet at which, according to the Boston *Herald,* "many figures prominent in the political life of the state and city were in evidence. Governor Hurley and Mayor Tobin both spoke, as did Manager Richard J. Haberlin and Admiral Walter R. Gherardi. Former Governor Curley was also present, wearing the star and ribbon of a Commander of the Order of Italy. . . . He was accorded an ovation when he gave the fascist salute."

✶

AT-HOME-ABROAD NOTE: "Shanghai, May 17 (A.P.). British authorities today delivered a 'strong written protest' to Japanese officials against alleged mistreatment of E. S. Wilkinson, British naturalist, who was arrested last Friday while on a 'bird chase' through Japanese-occupied Hongkew."

✶

The Brooklyn *Tablet,* a Catholic weekly edited by Patrick Scanlon, recently urged the deportation of Albert Einstein. . . . When twenty editorial workers struck at the Hollywood *News-Citizen,* Robert Montgomery and Ralph Morgan were among those present on the picket line. . . . N.B.C. recently banned a *True Story* broadcast dramatizing cooperative medicine; it was "too controversial." The program substituted that night was called Wife of Little Faith. . . . One of the clauses in the new democratic Communist Party constitution drafted for the coming convention forbids "personal or political relationship with Trotskyites, Lovestonites, or other known enemies of the party and the working class." . . . Last January 15 *The Nation* published Yale Needs the C. I. O., an attack upon labor conditions at the university; last week university maids quietly received an increase in pay and janitors' conditions were improved. But Yale insists that "pressure" had nothing to do with its recent benevolence.

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Our Feudal Housewives

BY EVELYN SEELEY

THE housewife stands condemned as the worst employer in the country. She is worse than Girdler, Rand, the runaway factory owner, the manufacturer with a string of sweatshops; at best she ranks with Henry Ford, paternalist, without his scientific efficiency.

Civilization has progressed through three stages in labor relationships, as has been pointed out by Henrietta Roelofs of the Young Women's Christian Association—owner and slave, master and man, employer and employee. The housewife is still back in the master-and-man—or mistress-and-maid—era. "The slave had no independent life of his own," Miss Roelofs says, "no free time of his own, and therefore no social standing. In the relation of mistress and maid there is an advance in that either party is at liberty to terminate the relationship if unsatisfactory; but the mistress still feels that she owns the entire time of the maid once the relationship is established, and the granting of free periods of time to the maid partakes of the nature of a generous gift."

As employers housewives belong to one of three classes—rich mistresses of large houses, middle-class suburbanites, and women who work for their living or to supplement their husband's income. The wealthy group is the best, the middle-class group the worst. The wealthy woman with a staff of servants may be at least a benevolent despot; the suburban wife, straining to keep up with the Joneses, uses her maid to that end; the working employer may not know, or take time to learn, how much work can be done in her house in a certain time.

The housewives of the United States make their million and a half employees work an average of seventy-two hours a week and pay them lower wages than are paid in any other industry. (Comparatively good wages, $8 to $18 a week, are maintained in some metropolitan areas, but in most sections they average only $3 and $4 a week.) Housewives pay their servants whatever they can squeeze out of their budget after the grocer, the butcher, the laundry, the department store—with means of collection—have been paid; cut them when their own income declines; take from their pay maximum cash value for living quarters and give them minimum value—a room just off the laundry, perhaps, or over the garage; give them no vacations with pay, no sick leave, no insurance against accident, no security of any kind; permit them little freedom to see or make friends; treat them generally in such a way that a social stigma clings to the job of domestic worker.

At the bottom of the worker scale is the "slave market" as it exists in certain cities. New York has 200 slave markets, according to the Domestic Workers' Union. You can bargain for household help in the Bronx on almost any corner above 167th Street. Colored workers, mostly women, stand there in little groups waiting to be hired. Each carries a bundle containing work clothes and the lunch she will eat hastily on her own time. They work for 35 cents an hour, although 50 cents is the standard rate. Some who are desperate or cold or tired of standing will work for 25. They say that they are sometimes asked to go for 15. Most jobs last three or four hours.

That is the bottom. At the top are the domestic staffs of the big houses, who in many cases have reasonable hours, good pay, security, and some social life among themselves. Between the "cleaning women" and the "staff" come the great majority of domestic workers—those who are the only maid in a home, completely at the mercy of the kindness or carelessness or ruthlessness of the employer. The conditions of their employment are admittedly difficult to change, but certain movements, gathering strength slowly, are under way to help them. Legislation, unionization, training for workers, education of employers, promotion of the working agreement offer hope for the future.

More women are in domestic service in the United States than in any other kind of employment, yet only one state out of forty-three—Washington—makes its limitation of hours for women in industry applicable to domestic workers. Only three states—New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—place household employees under the workmen's compensation laws, and Connecticut only if there are four employees working for one employer. New York considers domestics eligible for unemployment insurance only if there are four workers in a house. Wisconsin includes them in the minimum-wage law.

A year ago a bill limiting the hours of domestic work to sixty a week was introduced in the New York legislature. Placing the limit as high as sixty would seem arrogant in any other field, but the home is "different," and to many sputtering housewives, as well as to the domestic-employment agencies, the very idea was revolution. The Women's Trade Union League framed the bill. Such organizations as the Domestic Workers' Union, the National Consumers' League, the Women's City Club of New York, and the League of Women Shoppers gener-

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ally favored it. The W. T. U. L. had heard many protests that the introduction of the bill was premature, that education for housewives on the subject was needed first, but it had not realized what a hornet's nest it was tackling. At a meeting held at the clubrooms of a civic-minded urban group the audience appeared unable to distinguish between legislation and unionization. The argument of the head of the Domestic Workers' Union, who spoke for the bill, was a red flag to her listeners. When she had finished, they exploded: "I've kept house twenty-five years, but I'll move to a hotel before I'll stand for it"—"We'll close our homes; we'll quit having children"—"My husband has enough troubles with unions in his business without having union trouble at home."

Assemblyman Muccigrosso introduced the bill in committee in Albany. Knocked down, it rose for resubmission so weak and shorn that the union could no longer support it. And even in that weak and toothless state it could not be passed. The only thing accomplished for household workers in New York during the past year was the amendment of the workmen's compensation act to apply to employers of two or more household workers.

Washington passed its sixty-hour law a year ago against tremendous pressure. Proponents of the bill had to shear off the six-day week and the $50 fine for violation and make its provisions practically unenforceable in order to get it through at all. Since its passage many housewives have been found to be "non-cooperative." They interpret free hours as hours when the maid is on call to answer telephone and door bell, or even as hours of light duties. Violation of the act, a misdemeanor, has to be reported by the maid. And naturally not many maids who want to hold their jobs report their employers. Some employers take the attitude that if an employee "doesn't like the standards of work her best move is to find another employer."

The Domestic Workers' Union is young and weak. In New York, where there are 100,000 domestic workers, it has not yet 1,000 members. There are unions in Westchester County, a suburban section near New York, Washington, D. C., Milwaukee, Chicago, Philadelphia, Oakland, Newark, and Cleveland, but most of them are small, and only a few are real unions; several have A. F. of L. charters and one a C. I. O. charter. The New York local strives for the sixty-hour six-day week, one full day off, higher wages, better conditions, social security and compensation. The union does not regard sixty hours as a reasonable working week, but it knows it is the best it can ask for now. It suggests working out the sixty-hour six-day week on the basis of two five-hour shifts a day. A ten-hour day seems a great stride ahead, since the average maid works fifteen to sixteen hours a day.

All persons interested in obtaining better conditions for domestic workers agree that education is essential, and this means education for workers and employers alike. The National Consumer's League, which is about to undertake a survey of the whole problem, believes that such education must precede legislation. The National Committee of Household Workers is committed to "recognition of housework as employment requiring skill and training and the establishment, through public-school systems where possible, of vocational training schools for houseworkers where they can be taught to schedule their work to fit into a normal work day." All over the country special schools are offering domestic training as a way to better standards. In most states the WPA is conducting household projects for those on relief who want to go into household work.

At the Philadelphia Institute of Household Occupations students ranging in age from seventeen to thirty study in a nine-room rented house, an actual home situation. The school board provides the teaching service, and the Y. W. C. A. pays the director's salary, furnishings, and overhead. Students with at least an eighth-grade education are preferred. They must be strong enough for housework, free from infectious disease, interested in housework, reasonably attractive. They study for three months—general cleaning, laundering, cooking and caring for food, service, child care, personal regimen, work attitudes. Graduates of the institute who "live out" are placed on the basis of a forty-eight-hour week, those who "live in" on a fifty-four-hour week. The school is willing to help employers to map out the work and checks the efficiency and welfare of the maid at the end of the first week, the first month, and after that every three months. The catch is that even the trained maid, knowing standards and schedules as well as her personal rights, is at the mercy of the individual housewife. The schools have no means of insisting on minimum standards from employers, for there is neither legislation nor public opinion to support them.

Educating the housewife employer is another matter. This is one of the jobs of Dorothy P. Wells, chairman of the National Committee on Household Employment, one of the best-versed and most realistic women in the field of domestic employer-employee relations. She is urging, through local councils on household employment, the general use of the working agreement. This is an agreement, made at the time of hiring, which defines duties, actual working hours, time on call, free hours, time off, vacations, wages. It may be written or oral and may be reviewed periodically if emergencies or unforeseen variations occur.

Mrs. Boardman of Scientific Housekeeping, who opposed the sixty-hour bill, believes that labor laws will solve nothing "when such demands as a sixty-hour week meet the resistance from housewives which this bill is meeting and must legitimately meet." "Let us educate household employers to their responsibility . . . as to regularity of outlines of work, time off duty, systematic

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ordering and entertaining, adequate equipment, nourishing food for maids, and constant developing of a maid's ability, responsibility, and intelligence. These are essential to maintain the household morale that makes life at home a complete joy for all concerned." Mrs. Boardman calls this "the new morale," and asserts that it "remains at all times the simple and complete solution."

Miss Wells often feels a bit grim about finding a solution. One hope seems to her to lie in training potential young employers in college. "Maybe," she says hopefully, "if you get them young—"

Is the Passementerie Pact Doomed?

BY FRANK SULLIVAN

IN SOME respects the world seems calmer but in others not so calm. Leslie Hore-Belisha, British Secretary of State for War, aroused mirth when he announced recently that he believes in mermaids, but nobody laughed when Chamberlain announced that he believes in Mussolini. Of course, the British are notoriously slow to catch the point of some types of joke.

In New York, James Woodhull wrote the President asking Mr. Roosevelt to drop everything and find him a wife. James apparently does not want to get married in a hurry or he does not read the papers. Doesn't he know that if Mr. Roosevelt were to pick a bride for him, her name would have to be submitted to Congress for confirmation, and the moment that happened, Representative John J. O'Connor, the greatest champion of the people's liberties since Father Coughlin, Jeremiah Cross, and Donald Duck, would rise in his wrath and send himself three thousand night letters demanding that Woodhull be preserved from the perils of dictatorship?

Somewhat more disturbing is the news about Mrs. T. Wallace Orr. Mrs. T. Wallace Orr purchased an emerald at a reported cost of a quarter of a million dollars. Probably felt blue and out of sorts one day and just went out and bought the kickshaw to cheer herself up. It weighs sixty-five carats and belonged to a maharajah for whom it had got too small.

Now, those lovers of peace and amity who have a tendency to sneeze in the presence of strong light can only hope that this purchase by Mrs. Orr will not upset the 5-5-5 Passementerie Pact of 1935 by which Countess Babs Hutton, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, owner of the Hope diamond, and Mae West, owner of the West (and also East) stomacher, agreed to limit the size of their diadems.

No statements have come from Miss West, Mrs. McLean, or the Countess regarding Mrs. Orr's acquisition, and we political experts, knowing the mettle of these three girls, cannot fail to construe their silence as ominous. In our opinion it is extremely likely that the three parties to the Passementerie Pact will regard Mrs. Orr's purchase as an unfriendly gesture, and unless someone intervenes who can speak with authority, such as Elsa Maxwell, and prevail on Mrs. Orr to take a hammer and break up her emerald into twenty or thirty smaller gems that will not threaten the balance of power already existing between La West, La McLean, and La Comtesse, we are undoubtedly in for a gem race that may well exhaust all the participants.

The strain of wearing heavy jewelry is an ordeal which is not always appreciated by the non-jewel-possessing classes, and society women who with no thought to their own comfort endeavor to bring a little sunshine into the lives of night-club waiters by displaying several pounds of precious gems often get no thanks at all for their pains, not even from the hold-up men who are the greatest beneficiaries of their thoughtfulness.

In our opinion, Miss West, Mrs. McLean, and Babs are in better shape for the coming emerald fight than Mrs. T. Wallace Orr, although I must admit I do not know much about Mrs. T. Wallace Orr and have no data at hand regarding her past performances as a jewel toter. However, I have seen her photograph, and she seems like a rather frail girl, scarcely strong enough to lift a quarter of a million dollars in cash, let alone a sixty-five-carat emerald.

The other three girls are experienced gem wearers who know exactly how to carry a diamond of the boulder type with the least expenditure of energy. All three, I understand from the managers of the safe-deposit vaults which handle their equipment, are in the pink today and would emerge from the most strenuous gem-wearing contest with scarcely more than a pain in the neck. Mrs. McLean, of course, will be particularly remembered for her courageous diamond-wearing feat of some years back when she went to Russia and flashed the Hope diamond on the Russians, frightening the mujiks into a proper appreciation of America's up-to-the-minute equipment in anti-aircraft searchlights.

Of course, Mrs. Orr may turn out to be a dark horse. There was a rumor that she is being coached by Peggy Joyce, but I have not been able to contact Miss Joyce to verify this. But if it is true, the parties to the Passementerie Pact had better look to their laurels, for Peggy Joyce is a force to be reckoned with as a diamond toter. Miss Joyce has done more for the diamond than Luther Burbank did for the potato, and when she really puts on all her ice, she causes magnetic storms on the surface of the sun, ninety-six millions of miles away. And she still holds the record for the twenty-pound-ruby put.

It will be interesting to see what happens as a result of Mrs. Orr's defi. At any rate, lovers of justice will have the satisfaction of knowing that no matter what happens, Cartier will win.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BEFORE me lies a letter I have just received from an old friend in Munich, similar in content to many that have come to me in the last few years. Its burden is that I insist on saying harsh things about Germany which I must know "can only hurt deeply my old friends there." The writer then goes on to say: "I am certain that if you would only come over here and see for yourself, your strong sense of justice would compel you to judge us differently." Here we have again the puzzle of the unfathomable German mentality, which I confess I understand less and less as time passes. The writer of this letter has lived for years out of Germany—in England, the United States, and elsewhere. He has had the opportunity to know other peoples and their backgrounds and especially the Anglo-Saxon way of looking at things. Yet he too repeats this stupid statement that if I would only come to Germany I would quite change my opinion about the great and glorious rule of the Führer, Adolf Hitler.

Unfortunately that letter arrived at a singularly unhappy moment. I had just heard of the death of my noble-spirited, truly patriotic friend Carl von Ossietzky, done to death by years of torture in prison and concentration camp—a torture, it is only fair to say, that was begun under the republic in the pre-Hitler period—for the simple offense of revealing the truth about the way the German government was deliberately dishonoring its signature to the Treaty of Versailles by rearming secretly. This letter from Munich also arrived just after I had been called on by a young Austrian who for opposing the Hitler regime had been arrested in Germany and imprisoned for six months in a concentration camp. His body is a dreadful sight—a mass of scars from daily beatings. In addition, as a result of his injuries he has had to undergo no fewer than sixteen operations since his release. The doctors say that his lungs and kidneys are gravely affected.

So I was not exactly in the mood to be lectured by my friend in Munich. It aroused first my anger and then my pity and then my bewilderment that this intelligent correspondent could really believe that a visit to Germany would wipe out these memories and a thousand others, would make me think well of a government which has openly declared war upon civilization, upon liberty, upon all the humane aspirations of centuries. Of course I should see humming factories, a great army in the making, superb roads, a contented youth. I should behold marvelous changes since the last winter that I passed in Germany—that of 1930-31 when the weak and compromising Brüning was at the helm. I should attend wonderful pageants, circuses, parades. But witnessing these really remarkable achievements of a brutal but able government I should never be able to forget that this government has also declared war upon my own government, that it has appointed a Nazi leader to help wreck our institutions, and that it is spending millions of marks for that purpose in this country every year.

I resent the implication in this and similar letters that a superficial journey around Germany would make me faithless to my democratic faith, my belief that, as Lincoln put it, no man is good enough to govern any other man without that other man's consent.

One thing more: I wish that my German friends would realize that if everything else in Germany were in accord with my political and moral and spiritual ideas, I should never be able to forgive them for what they have done and are doing to the Jews, who have lived among them for centuries and made enormous contributions to the progress and especially the intellectual and artistic advancement of Germany. With an icy cruelty that beggars description they are being robbed of their all, denied the right to work, and turned out to die of slow starvation. After October 1 they are not to be allowed to take part in any business, and as they cannot get a labor certificate there is nothing left but immigration or starvation—and immigration is financially impossible. Never before has a great nation deliberately robbed and tortured more than half a million of its citizens; yet I am supposed to go over and see some stadiums and some happy workers on Strength-Through-Joy trips and forget all this!

I am sorry if stating facts like these hurts the feelings of my German friends, but the fault is not mine. It lies at the doors of the bloody-handed men who have made the Germany of today more feared and hated even than it was during the World War, who have flung ethics, morality, and justice to the winds. All my life I have sought to tell the truth as I see it. I have done so all my life about my own country and hurt many people's feelings. Why should I fail to tell the truth about the Germany of today? My critics were very grateful when I denounced the treatment of Germany at Versailles. I am the same man today and am exercising the same judgment today that I possessed then.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE APOLOGIA OF KURT SCHUSCHNIGG

BY FRANZ HOELLERING

KURT SCHUSCHNIGG, the half-hearted, pseudo-democratic, pseudo-authoritarian dictator of Austria, disposed of by the historic events of recent weeks, finished the manuscript of his autobiographical apology* for the clerico-fascist system of his government less than three months before his and Dollfuss's "new state" collapsed like a house of cards. He had thought independent Austria imperishable. But today Schuschnigg is a prisoner of the Nazis, forced to listen to the speeches of the brutal victor and to the "Heil Hitlers" of those who were shouting "Heil Schuschnigg" yesterday, and tortured by such casual bits of news as "You cannot see your father, he committed suicide." It is a sad duty to review the book of a man whose fate deserves as much sympathy as his work merits condemnation.

Born the son of an officer, Schuschnigg grew up in the patriotic atmosphere of the Austro-Hungarian army, where the struggle for national freedom of the many nations "united" under the Hapsburg scepter was little understood, and still less the fight of the masses for social and political rights. At the age of ten the boy was sent to a Jesuit college. For eight decisive years he lived under the subtle influence of clerical conceptions.

In 1915 he goes from school into the trenches. In 1919, after being kept prisoner for a year in Italy, he returns to the Tyrol. He goes to the university, becomes a lawyer, marries. He is conservative, with the aristocratic touch of the Hapsburg Catholic, provincial, longs for the glorious past, condemns the changes which have taken place, and accepts eagerly surface appearances of mass movements for their content. The masses are still the mob which must be put down by loyal troops. And if the new army is on the side of the people, then vigilantes have to be organized. So, after the Socialists have liquidated the worst features of the war inheritance, the reactionaries of all shades raise their heads again—helped by thousands of ex-officials and ex-officers of the old monarchy, who had all retired into poor Austria. The more materialistic and personal their claims, the more they feel the necessity for an ideology. Ignaz Seipl, a Catholic priest, a former member of the last imperial Cabinet, becomes Chancellor; ". . . without if's and but's he recognized the ideal of the fatherland." And Schuschnigg is his disciple.

This ideal of the fatherland is based on the conception of a *Homo austriaticus* with the profession of an "Austrian mission." A great deal of intellectual juggling and self-deceit becomes necessary. Out of the pleasant stuff of an idyllic landscape and climate and the pitiful remnants of an engulfed culture—it disappeared before and not because of the World War—the very reason for the existence of the artificial state set up by the stupid peace treaties has to be created. The more concrete content of the ideal was: no Anschluss (Germany had a Socialist President), away with the achievements of the "revolution" (including even the more liberal interpretation of a 150-year-old divorce law), and last but not least League of Nations loans to keep the state machinery and the ruling class going—loans on which the masses would pay the interest. For the masses, as their patriotic duty in the holy service of the ideal, was reserved a mere custom of the poor—to tighten the belt. To be sure Schuschnigg sees things differently. He is more concerned with the spiritual life; and such quotations as this from Goethe

> Heroes have often vanished,
> But who will protect the masses
> Against the masses?
> The mass has become the masses' oppressor!

are easily found. He asks in 1937 the now so tragic question whether the Socialist friends of the Anschluss would in 1938 regard it as an advantage if they had succeeded in 1922? But he does not ask the less demagogic question whether a progressive resistance to the peace treaties would not have helped to break them down in time and thus have prevented the rise of Hitler.

From 1927 on Schuschnigg develops a "modest activity" as a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1932 he becomes, as representative of the fatally ill Seipl, a member of the Cabinet and remains as Minister of Justice throughout the stormy period to come. In 1934 he succeeds the murdered Dollfuss as dictator. Dollfuss, more energetic than Schuschnigg, more politician than professor, had put Seipl's ideals into practice. His main thesis was that Austria could only be saved by the disappearance of the democratic constitution. In this formula the Socialists—representing 75 per cent of the voters in Vienna, 45 per cent in the whole country—had no trust. Schuschnigg complains: "I myself made every effort toward pacification . . . but they wanted the preservation of parties and party powers." In a word,

* "My Austria." By Kurt Schuschnigg. With an Introduction by Dorothy Thompson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

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they were not willing to commit suicide. Schuschnigg admits that the Socialists offered a truce and an alliance against the Nazis. But no, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg had the "firm conviction that in the abolition of parties lay the only possibility of a successful issue of the struggle for the existence of Austria." The legend is served that the Socialists prepared an uprising. Schuschnigg does not quote the speech of his colleague Fey, who addressed the private fascist army on Sunday, February 11, 1934: "Beginning tomorrow we will do a thorough job. I cannot say more, but I assure you, the Chancellor is on our side." The "thorough job" was the liquidation of the Socialists and of the democratic constitution. And the coup d'état started on schedule.

I have not enough space to go into details. Schuschnigg's presentation of the bloody February days of 1934, in which the Viennese workers made a last stand for democracy, is a falsification from beginning to end, even down to the figures of the dead and wounded. The author does not say that he himself, as Minister of Justice, allowed the heroes of the workers who fought for a free and independent Austria to be hanged. The deputy Koloman Wallisch, the engineer Weisl, the worker Münichreiter, who, severely wounded, was carried to the gallows on a stretcher, are not mentioned. In those February days, with those executions, the backbone of Austria's resistance to Nazism was broken. That so senseless and criminal a course could have been chosen by religious men who "believed" in the mission of a peaceful spirit can only be understood through the simple fact that the conservative admirers of Goethe, the Catholic church—which was behind every move of Dollfuss—and the owner class will, when forced to choose, always side with fascism against socialism, liberalism, and democracy. They will shoot workers in the name of culture, but they will capitulate before Hitler to avoid bloodshed. It is no excuse that they do not know what they are doing.

After the liquidation of Austrian democracy and the prevention, by Mussolini, of the attempted annexation by Germany in the summer of 1934, the authoritarian leader of the fatherland enjoyed some peace. He consolidated his position by unifying the armed forces under his command. Prince Starhemberg, the fascist playboy, disappeared, got a divorce, and married an actress. An agreement with Germany was signed in which Schuschnigg consented to take Nazis into his Cabinet—"personalities of his choice," Seyss-Inquart to come. He looked optimistically forward. To be sure there were still obstacles "which malice or short-sightedness heap up in the path," but the author is content to put at the end of his book the facsimile of the score which Beethoven wrote to the words:

> "If she but will
> Our Austria is always above all,
> She wills, she wills!

And Schuschnigg repeats, "So be it then: she wills it!" Read today, it sounds like the swan song of a romantic mediocrity.

The style of Schuschnigg reveals mediocrity and dilettantism on every page. Taking into account the fact that an acting dictator cannot tell too much and must often be vague, too many platitudes flow too easily. Only a reader who really knows the history of the now defunct Austrian republic or one with a fine ear for the diction of a man unequal to his job will read Schuschnigg's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* without being confused. And with this we come to Dorothy Thompson's introduction. She gives mainly an arresting and well-informed account of the critical hours which led to the invasion of Austria by Hitler's army, plus an amount of excited phrases. No explanation of Schuschnigg's failure is offered. She calls his book "a memorial, with even the introduction written by one who would have died for Austria—not for Austria the state, but for Austria the idea: supranational, integrating, all-inclusive, Christian, and human." As an Austrian born I thought, "Take it easy, Dori, less would be more," but she did not stop:

> The Austrian idea is the Western idea—from Rome through the Middle Ages universalized by a common source of art and inspiration, to the very dream of the United States of America: the idea of mankind of many origins finding a common language and a common home: a Realm of Spirit. If that spirit wins through, Europe lives. If it perishes Europe dies . . . and we too, children of Europe, men and women of the Western world.

An analysis of the final defeat of Schuschnigg would have been more useful than such monstrous generalities. Austria perished because (1) it was, as a state, artificial; (2) reactionaries, however polished in comparison with the Hitler brand, succeeded in disarming and suppressing the only Austrians who really would have died for their independence; (3) Dorothy Thompson's "Western idea" is nowhere a reality.

The fundamental lessons, and the fate of the enlightened dictator, can all be learned again from this book. Put the cultured phrase-maker in power, and whether he be a professor, a high-minded politician, the son of a populist father, or a columnist for the *Herald Tribune,* he will act in the critical hour of social development like Schuschnigg. If the music of Beethoven and the poems of Goethe could have prevented modern barbarism, surely they would already have had that effect. Amend, reorganize, change the economic system which creates fascism! If they try to stop you, fight! There is no other way. A worker long unemployed loses his head, a frightened economic royalist forgets his culture however many books he has in his library. And do not trust the Christian human all-inclusiveness. Treason always starts with an embrace.

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Composite Portrait

MY SON, MY SON! By Howard Spring. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IN CERTAIN respects Mr. Spring is a formidable author. On the jacket of his book the publishers declare he "probably has the largest following of any literary critic in England. His choice of the *Evening Standard* 'Book of the Month' carries the weight of an American book-club selection." He is a power in the literary world. If he approves of a novel, it is likely to be a success. And since, in the pursuit of his profession, he must have read scores, perhaps hundreds, of contemporary novels, it would be understandable if he had educed a formula for novel writing.

The successful novel must first of all be long—*vide* "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind." Mr. Spring's novel has 649 pages. It must have a large canvas; lots of people, if possible more than one generation, and a variety of scene. Mr. Spring covers the lives of two men from boyhood to middle age, including their respective marriages and of course their families. It must be full of incident and lively incident at that; none of your milk-and-water mulling over ideas. Things must happen! And Mr. Spring in his events includes one war, one rebellion (Irish), one suicide, one death by an automobile accident, two murders, and one hanging. The characters, moreover, must be outstanding; the lives of ordinary people make dull reading. So we have a successful novelist, a star of the stage, a master-craftsman, a V. C., and inordinate amounts of physical beauty allotted to at least three characters.

The formula, in other words, ought to work. And indeed, it may. Mr. Spring may yet be worrying over the size of his income tax. But one wishes that he had worried more over each word as he set it down. Surely then he would have avoided the literary clichés with which his pages are filled; his beautiful men and women would have been a shade less beautiful; the long arm of coincidence would not have been stretched so far; the denouement would have been less obvious.

Although the book is long, the outlines of the plot are simple. Perhaps too simple. Two men resolve that their sons shall have lives very different from their own. One has known bitter poverty; when wealth comes to him, he spoils his son with indulgence. The other burned as a young man with zeal for Ireland, but success blunted the edges of his passion. He dedicates his son to the cause which he was not brave enough to espouse himself. Both boys meet a violent death, the one ignoble, the other ironic. As there are two fathers and two sons, there must be two morals. One is spare the rod and spoil the child; the other is don't force your son to be the martyr you would not be.

The best scenes in the book are the country scenes in Cornwall, where the two families spend their summers, and those dealing with troubled Ireland. The former are simple, full of domestic gaiety and pleasant descriptions of wind and weather. In the latter the Easter Monday rebellion, the Irish patriots, the bitter struggle with the Black and Tans are movingly described. As a newspaperman, Mr. Spring was there and saw those things. He writes about them with feeling and freshness. There was no need for a formula. For the rest, there are no surprises and very little freshness. Like a composite portrait of ten leading statesmen, the outlines are blurred, the picture looks like nobody in particular, certainly nobody of distinction. The formula, if Mr. Spring had one, was not enough.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Radio Romance—and Reality

HELLO AMERICA! By Cesar Saerchinger. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

CESAR SAERCHINGER'S "Hello America!" is crammed full of the excitement you felt when your radio first picked up a foreign country. It was probably well past midnight when most of the American stations had signed off, and you twirled your dials—there were three of them then—more or less aimlessly. Suddenly there was a hiss, a crackle, then a faint voice that you tuned up with care. Sure enough it was an announcer, and he was talking a rapid, untranslatable Spanish. Cuba, maybe, or Brazil. Or Mexico. Everyone in the room crowded around the loud-speaker. In the moment of silence between the end of the announcement and the beginning of the program you could have heard the ice in a glass tinkle. Then, across thousands of miles of sea and land, through wind and rain, defying national boundaries, came the breathlessly awaited music. A band in Havana, or Mexico City, or Rio de Janeiro shot through space an only slightly off-key "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

As radio's first ambassador, Cesar Saerchinger combed Europe for American bananas. When distance became a commonplace, America wanted names. When there was no news, there was Bernard Shaw, or H. G. Wells. After names, places. People, history, geography, broadcast across the ether; the mind of man reaching into space without touching the minds of men.

The radio ambassador knew what his listeners wanted. But he knew other things too. He knew that Dollfuss, the so-called Austrian martyr, fired on the workers' model tenements built by the Socialists instead of on the Nazis who later killed him. He knew that in Ramsay MacDonald the vanity of the second-rate statesman overshadowed the sincerity of the first-rate labor leader. In the tradition of Vincent Sheean, of Herbert Matthews, he knew his stuffed shirts, even though he was ready to risk his neck to peddle them.

After a hard day's work the rubber-tire salesman of Keokuk, Iowa, wants some of the excitement of reality with his Charlie McCarthys. He needs the vicarious thrill of adventure, and what adventure is greater than war. So the mike is carried by the intrepid radio reporter right to the field of battle. For two months Keokuk hears of the march through Ethiopia. Then the salesman gets bored, and the New York office wires, "Consider we have exhausted broadcastable material." But luckily war breaks out in Spain; new names, new deaths, new ideology. A reporter who doesn't say anything about Karl Marx to Keokuk tells a funny story of a girl dropping a hand grenade on her (and his) side of a wall while she explains what Karl Marx wrote. Saerchinger concludes that radio listeners take too much for granted. "They drink in a dictator's words or a roar produced in the African jungle as though these were being run off in an

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effects room around the corner. And when they've heard them, they say a-hum and turn over to the next selection of swing. Also, if the ether waves crackle, or your broadcaster (who may have braved death to tell his tale) has a cold, they sniff and turn the dial again."

Since neither tariff nor fortresses can keep out ether waves, they would seem to be the perfect medium for attack by propaganda. But the technique must be adapted to the medium. Shaw is quoted pointing out that the microphone gives the platitudinous political ranter away at once. (Announcers, please note.) Dawes adds that the personal magnetism that sometimes deadens intellectual perception is not transmitted over the radio. The dictators learned early, Saerchinger suggests, that the radio is proof against fascist arguments unless they are supported by the shouts of moron multitudes. And the democratic statesmen should profit by the lesson. Even the cheerful fireside talk, after two or three sessions, has to be followed by a dash of bicarbonate of soda if it is to be digested.

"Hello America!" makes good reading, but it presents a disheartening picture of modern civilization throwing away another birthright. Since the invention of the printing-press the two greatest advances in mass communication have been the radio and the motion picture, and both of them are largely wasted as amusing toys instead of being used as means of saying things worth saying. Propaganda in Europe and advertising in America poison the air, and as a result even truth has a phony ring when it pours out of a loud-speaker. It won't be long before some Will Hays of the radio boasts of that fact, instead of apologizing for it.

The future of radio is obvious. As technical development follows technical development, we will approach another breathless moment like the one that brought the first foreign broadcast to our living-rooms. It will be late at night again when the air is comparatively quiet, and the guests will stand around a combination microphone and receiving set. In the silence the host standing before the microphone will shout in a clear, vigorous, unashamed voice, "Nerts." An instant later, having crossed the seven seas, the two hemispheres, cutting through typhoons and mountain ranges, leaping wave lengths, the voice will boom again out of the loud-speaker. "Nerts" will have circled the globe. And then, dear reader, you can curl up, as every *Nation* subscriber should, with a good book written by an honest man who is perfectly satisfied with a sympathetic audience of, say a hundred thousand intelligent men and women. DONALD SLESINGER

Literary Past

THE WORLD AT MY SHOULDER. By Eunice Tietjens. The Macmillan Company. $3.

DIFFERENT people will enjoy this book for different reasons. It is a lively travelogue of a journey through several countries, and it is an anecdotal account of the years during which America was coming of age artistically. Eunice Tietjens, unlike Harriet Monroe in "A Poet's Life," writes very personally about herself and about everyone she knows. But she writes with almost too much good-will. She was and still is an editor of *Poetry*. She knew and helped Margaret Anderson in the early stages of the publication of the *Little Review*. She has had close connections with the American theater. She seems, to judge from this book, to be the type of woman who lives very actively if somewhat superficially, the type who sees everything sharply and dramatically but reflects very little about what she sees. She makes her story dramatic and entertaining.

According to her own statement, Mrs. Tietjens was reborn at the age of twenty-seven. Before that time she had not truly lived. She had, to be sure, been educated in Europe, been married, and had two children. But her awareness of her desire to write came late—not, in fact, until she joined Miss Monroe's staff on *Poetry*. Since then she has been caught up completely in literary activities and in travel.

Eunice Tietjens has lived in Japan, in the interior of China—where her sister, Louise Hammond, is a well-known missionary—in Tunisia, in various parts of Europe, and in the South Seas. She has been a romantic but fairly keen observer of the pattern of human life in these countries. During the World War, moreover, she was the only woman war correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*. The chapters on her experiences in this role were to me the most interesting in the book.

Little personal stories about Harriet Monroe, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, and many other poets will interest any reader who knows American poetry. But in general Mrs. Tietjens remembers too consistently how very charming everyone is. One famous person after another (and some not famous) is the most satisfactory person she has ever known.

Together with her second husband, Cloyd Head, Eunice Tietjens wrote "Arabesque," which was produced in a very grand style by Norman Bel-Geddes and proved a famous Broadway failure. She is also the author of several books of prose and poetry. In Chicago she is still a leader of the literary groups. At fifty she began this autobiography, believing that she had been particularly fortunate in knowing so many people who are today recognized as America's foremost writers. EDA LOU WALTON

Russian Festival—New Style

TONIA. By Yuri Herman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE LARGER VIEW. By Benjamin Kaverin. Stackpole and Sons. $2.75.

AT THE moment Herman and Kaverin represent the *avan-guardisti* of Soviet literature; their talent is recognized and coddled, but they have not yet dared to interpret the events of today as would Mauriac; they merely clarify yesterday. We must suppose that the millions of Russians who were able to read "Tonia" and "The Larger View" did so for the sake of the narrative, although both books have a certain obvious moral and are state propaganda of a pleasing sort. Yuri Herman is a young writer obsessed with the dream of a fair woman, Tonia, a parasite in any society, who becomes first appealing and afterward useful until she turns into the symbolical Soviet female. Actually the story is a rather clumsy excuse for a character study of charm which would be published and forgotten in a month if it were

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not out of Soviet Russia. The ties which bind the book to the contemporary scene are the honest administrator of a housing center who bullies Tonia into the light, a few saboteurs, and some good stinking villains. The description of the psychology of love and its moods is too muddy to be worth much; it lacks the sharpness of good analytical writing.

Kaverin, who is somewhat older, is a far more honest craftsman. "The Larger View" somewhat disappoints by its failure to seize and hold one firmly to an urgent idea, but it gains power from its historical parallels with the living Russian past and is intellectualized by a point of view in itself broad and deep. It is a study of students, a story of young men learning about life and feeling it at the same time. The characters are in line with the Decembrists, whom one at least, Trubachevsky, has made his study. One merit of the book is its engaging air of naturalness and the sureness of its characterization. On the surface here again the story is the thing. Placed in the turbulent year 1928 the scene is portrayed with quiet vigor. The moral, of course, is that the characters and Kaverin himself are Soviet by training and inclination, and this tacit conviction not only relieves the book of thumping purpose but gives it cleanness and force. The indoctrination is suitable for a Stalinite, and whatever "failure of correspondence" (to quote Trotsky) between subjective and objective there is resolves itself as the fountain source of the good life rather than of the comic and the tragic.

JOHN WALCOTT

"Grand Exit"

WALT WHITMAN'S POSE. By Esther Shephard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

WALT WHITMAN'S naive and tasteless doings are common enough knowledge. We are familiar with his posturings, self-mystifications, ambiguous utterances, crude publicity stunts. We remember his reviewing his own books under other names; his contriving to use Emerson's famous salute as a noisy blurb; his self-important manner toward disciples. If we have chanced to forget any of this, here is Mrs. Shephard to remind us with underscorings and exclamation points, and to bring to our attention as unwinning a portrait of Walt Whitman as any detractor of his has ever painted.

Indeed, I had better not delay the dreadful tidings that Mrs. Shephard's book brings to the modern world. Mrs. Shephard has uncovered new evidence. She has discovered that sometime during the early 1850's Whitman read George Sand's "Countess of Rudolstadt," and from the epilogue to that book got his inspiration for becoming a poet of the people. George Sand had created a poet, an idealist of democracy; and Walt snitched him, tore his very mantle off his shoulders, tricked himself out in it, and so became the author of "Leaves of Grass." That is the less grisly half of Mrs. Shephard's horror story. The more blood-curdling sequel is this: having cribbed his poethood, Whitman was at the greatest pains to conceal his indebtedness, and never till his dying day did he tell anyone—not Traubel himself—about "The Countess of Rudolstadt."

Mrs. Shephard has taken 453 pages to lay bare this mon-

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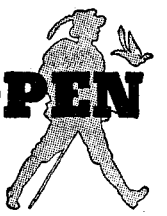

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strous fraud, and she has stroked and fondled it for all it is worth. For scores and scores of pages, though obviously ready to burst, she somehow holds herself in: one must pass through many outer chambers of pose and deceit before one is admitted into the dark, airless inner room of Whitman's master cunning. The whole performance smacks a trifle of Barnum's tactics, and I am afraid that Mrs. Shephard's sign reading "This Way to the Grand Guilty Secret" has more than a little in common with Barnum's celebrated sign reading "This Way to the Grand Exit."

There is something much too officious and self-congratulatory about Mrs. Shephard's performance, something that reduces it from a problem in research to almost a labor of hate. This does not mean that hers was originally a worthless discovery. Very possibly Whitman was influenced by George Sand's epilogue (he certainly was impressed in general by George Sand), and quite conceivably he may not have wished to acknowledge the debt. But that it was so decisive an influence as Mrs. Shephard insists is highly doubtful, and that, without it, Whitman would have remained a humdrum, plodding fourth-rater is utterly absurd. Whatever the shortcomings of Whitman's private life, whatever the deficiencies of his art, the vital and overpowering side of "Leaves of Grass" came, and could only have come, out of the man himself. If some measure of vanity and flatulence gives a fishy quality to parts of his poetry, all the same Whitman's pose was never the integral one of pretending to love a humanity he was indifferent to; it was the more superficial pose of pretending to love it in too picturesque and self-flattering a way.

Somewhere in the course of her exposé Mrs. Shephard handsomely stops for a minute to say of Whitman's poetry: "I, for one, am grateful for it, however it was produced." I for one must always be grateful to Mrs. Shephard for so endearing a remark. It has that tincture of humility about it that Margaret Fuller had when she accepted the universe.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Dance Documentary

COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS. By Cyril W. Beaumont. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

THERE is a small bookstore on Charing Cross Road where for most of the last twenty years one man has done more to document theatrical dancing than anyone else living. He is Cyril Beaumont, and the ever-increasing world of ballet will forever be in his debt. There is no facet of the art of classic dancing which has not benefited by his attention. His monographs on the Cecchetti method are models. His studies of great dancers are standards. His attention to décor and costume produced a fine book; and now he crowns his labor with a remarkable encyclopedia of nearly a thousand pages. Beaumont has gathered the stories of the most significant dance-dramas of the past hundred and twenty-five years, and with attendant notes has outlined a history of the epoch's theatrical dance. It has not been his intention to make a historical philosophy, but until it appeared it would have been difficult for anyone else to do so. It opens up broad fields for speculation.

Subjects for ballets have been and are today more limited than subjects for plays or even for operas. The frame which best suits the classic dance is non-realistic, and there are not many backgrounds which easily submit to stylization. But within the categories of possible subjects infinite changes can be rung on a basic theme. In reading Mr. Beaumont's book it is fascinating to find the different treatments which, decade after decade down to the present, have been given to almost the identical subject. If we skim over a few names of ballets we can appreciate the pleasure audiences have had in the reiteration of a basic idea.

Classical legends have always provided suitable libretti from the Renaissance to the present. One of the earliest ballets in Beaumont's collection is Didelot's "Flore et Zéphire." Massine's "Zéphyr et Flore" was arranged for Lifar and Dolin in 1925. There were Vigano's "Prometeo" (1813), and Lifar's "Prométhée" (1930), both to Beethoven's score. The theme of love, death, and fairy madness, so popular in the romantic epoch, started with "Nina, ou la Folle d'Amour" in 1813, based on a source twenty-five years older. Then there was the vastly influential "Sylphide" of 1832, with nine subsequent imitations and variants every two years till 1850; the last of this cycle was the "Lac des Cygnes" (Tchaikowsky-Petipa-Ivanov) of 1895, which is still danced today. Fokine's "Sylphides" (1909) is not a dramatic but an atmospheric extension of this idea. The exotic or Oriental subject appeared in 1830 with Taglioni in "Le Dieu et la Bayadère," taken from Goethe's ballad, "The Maid of Cashmere." Then came "La Révolte au Serail" (1833), "La Péri" (1843, "Lallah Rookh" (1846), and in 1856 Théophile Gauthier's dance-play based on the Sacountala. We still see "Schéhérazade" (1910), and in 1934 the Soviet Ballet produced "The Fountain of Bachtiserai."

There have been ballets founded on great national tales, like the Commedia dell' Arte, Tyl Eulenspiegel, Don Juan, Don Quixote. The Bible has lent Joseph, the Queen of Sheba, the Prodigal Son, David, and Job. There have been ballets founded on stories and plays of Anderson, Perrault, Pushkin, Goethe, Aesop, Hoffmann, Gauthier, Victor Hugo, Cervantes, Byron, Walter Scott, Dante, and Shakespeare. A whole sequence of dance dramas founded itself on national subjects, which give free play for character or folk entrances; in this cycle there are a series of gipsy ballets, with at least two set mysteriously in the epoch of Charles II, the first of which, "La Gypsy" (1839), introduced the mazurka. Some social dances appear first on the stage, while others are theatricalized from folk dances or from ballroom forms.

The contemporary ballet has often been accused of an escape mechanism. The subjects are usually remote from the present and hence meaningless except as decoration, but there has been an uninterrupted line of "modern" ballets. "Les Deux Créoles" of 1806 was really "Paul et Virginie." "Ozai" (1847) showed the voyage of the explorer Bourgainville. "Robert et Bertrand" (1845) was a danced "Vie de Bohême." "Excelsior" (1881) glorified the electric light, as had already done "Electra, or the Lost Pleiad" in 1849. Nijinsky's "Jeux" (1913) started our own sport's cycle. Diaghilev's series of social satires started with Nijinsky's "House Party" (1924). In 1928 he saluted Soviet Russia in Prokofiev's "Pas d'Acier." There is Joos's "Life in the Big

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City" and "Green Table" (1932), and the extensive contemporary repertory of the American companies.

In short, the ballet has always drawn its life from the same sources as all the other arts, and is no strange parasitical overgrowth on court formalism, as John Martin would have us believe. For two hundred years it has been a popular form in the full sense of enchanting mass audiences, and hence is a typical and familiar phenomenon of Western taste and ingenuity.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

A Defense of Democracy

VICTORIAN CRITICS OF DEMOCRACY. By Benjamin Evans Lippincott. The University of Minnesota Press. $3.75.

THE beginning of the twentieth century was convinced that democracy was firmly established or at least victoriously on the march not only in Western Europe and the United States but even in Germany and in Russia. The growth of fascism after the World War has turned our attention to the foes and critics of democracy in the nineteenth century, who now appear as forerunners of the present violent attack upon democracy. Professor Lippincott has rendered a valuable service by collecting in one volume six able studies on Victorian critics of democracy. Some of them are well known for their literary works, the others practically unknown today to the wider public. It may be doubted whether they can be called as a group "the most vigorous and distinguished critics of democracy in modern times." But in their objections to democracy they are typical of many views expressed today in very different quarters.

The six representative thinkers examined in this volume are rather disparate in their intellectual attitude and in the direction of their attack. Carlyle and Ruskin are fascists in their temperament and doctrine. Economically, they are romanticists, longing in the midst of the travail of modern capitalism for the good old days of a paternalistic society. Carlyle attacked fiercely the competitive system of modern capitalism, but his own point of view made for self-assertion and for the realization of power, "and it acted as a kind of sanction for the tiger ethic" of early capitalism. Maine and Lecky were liberal capitalists, afraid of democracy and any approach to cooperative socialism which democracy may bring. Matthew Arnold, who is treated by the author with special consideration, is the only one of the six who laid stress on the discovery of the individual's humanity, a fundamental tenet of democracy. He did not look to Sparta for an ideal society, as Carlyle did, but "to a society like that of the Athens of Pericles, with the slaves left out." The other five thinkers discussed in the volume have one thing in common, a deep contempt for the common man and a concern for authority and order above everything else.

"Victorian Critics of Democracy" is to be highly recommended for the consideration of political and social scientists who, as the author aptly remarks, "in recent times overestimated the value of the argument from history and from technical analysis," and underestimate the importance of ethical and philosophical considerations. At the same time it will interest the general public which finds itself at a loss

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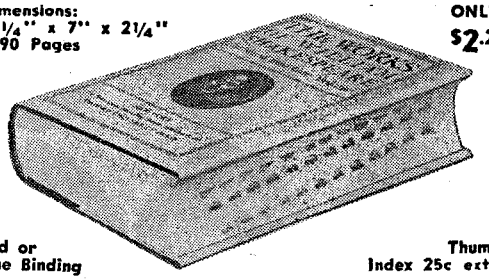

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in the present battle of words raging about the fitness of democracy for survival. The book, written in a clear and readable way, without too many technicalities, will show it that all the arguments used today in the struggle against democracy were used a century ago. They were then used sometimes with greater vigor and emphasis than today. Nevertheless, democracy has survived. Professor Lippincott renders the greatest service to the reader not so much by the presentation and analysis of the views of the six leading Victorian critics of democracy as by a most able, reasonable, and enlightened refutation of their viewpoints and arguments. Thus the book becomes a defense of democracy. In the growing flood of books about fascism, democracy, and old-time capitalistic conservatism it should certainly not be overlooked. The cases for liberty, equality, and the dignity of the common man, in their true implications, although no new aspects are developed by Professor Lippincott, have rarely been stated with greater clarity and convincing moderation than in the present book.

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Shorter Notices

A HISTORY OF WOMEN IN MEDICINE. By Kate Campbell Hurd-Mead, M. D. The Haddam Press. $6.

In 1890 Dr. Hurd-Mead was inspired by Osler, Welch, and Kelly at Johns Hopkins Hospital to undertake the preparation of a history of women in medicine based on careful search of archives and other original sources. Until 1925 private practice and social work allowed Dr. Hurd-Mead time for only limited application to this project. Since then she has covered most of Europe examining original documents. This book, which is the first of two projected volumes, takes the story up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is a detailed, carefully indexed work written with an enthusiasm that gives it a distinct vitality. The book is a valuable and unique contribution to the history of medicine.

THE PROTECTION AND MARKETING OF LITERARY PROPERTY. By Philip Wittenberg. Julian Messner. $3.75.

This is a well-planned and well-written manual which should have a place on every author's desk beside his Bartlett, Fowler, and Roget. Authors are particularly helpless when they are confronted with the necessity of dealing with their work as property. For a few dollars they have available here hundreds of dollars of legal advice offered by a lawyer who has had a great deal of experience with literary and dramatic contracts. Not only are the subjects of copyright and piracy treated but also libel and obscenity. The author is thus shown not only how to secure his interest in his work in the first place but also how to protect it against subsequent attack. The manual is curiously incomplete in one respect however: there is no chapter which treats of sedition, and there is no mention of criminal-anarchy or sedition laws. Apparently the manual is not intended for revolutionary writers. It is probably just as well since they almost never make money out of their work, and they don't believe in private property!

RECORDS

IF I were religious I think I would be outraged by "Parsifal." As one without religious feeling I find its theme—its exaltation of chastity—sickening, and much of its dramatic detail painfully ludicrous even in intention, not to speak of the usual execution: Wagner's supposed genius for the stage was rather an extravagant imagination that functioned unrestricted by any understanding of the stage's terms and limitations, its capacities and incapacities. This imagination expressed itself successfully only in musical terms; but in "Parsifal" I am aware of both failing and heightened musical powers—in long stretches an enfeeblement of the powers of invention and development that are so prodigious in preceding works; in a few pages an idiom enriched and subtilized beyond anything in these other works. For me, then, three and a half of the four hours are a bore; but the Prelude is marvelous, and the Good Friday

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music a miracle. These two, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski, are offered by Victor (four records, $8). Stokowski does well by the Prelude; and for two sides he also does well with the Good Friday music. But at the end of side six we have the first of the slackenings and hastenings of pace, the diminutions and impassioned augmentations of tone, with which he negates the calm and serenity of the closing pages. The performances have the characteristic tonal beauty which Stokowski alone achieves with this orchestra, and which seems to be all that most people care about.

Stokowski also gives us three excerpts from "Siegfried" (two and a half records, $5.50). First the forging of the sword, with Frederick Jagel as the tenor of the proceedings; then a few transitional measures, which I do not recall from the opera, take us to the concert version of Forest Murmurs; at its conclusion the labels and the description in the booklet lead us to expect the music of Siegfried's ascent of Brünnhilde's rock, her awakening, and all that follows; instead, with no further pretense at transition, Stokowski plunges us into the climactic and concluding vulgarities of the dreadful third-act duet, sung by Jagel and Agnes Davis. Except for Jagel's singing the performance is good, and it is clearly recorded. That annoyance of two or three years back, the fade-out at ends of records, is with us again in this set.

Two other Victor sets offer works in which I hear craftsmanship operating without the prompting of feeling: Bach's Concerto in C for two pianos (three records, $6.50), and Brahms's Sonata Opus 99 for 'cello and piano (four records, $8). Bach is only boring, because he is only a skilled workman doing a job; what makes Brahms irritating is his additional pretentiousness; and I know no work of his in which the effort to simulate great emotions that are not genuinely felt, the effort to elaborate notes out of notes by formula, is so great, so apparent, and so completely and dismally unsuccessful. But Casals and Horszowski play the sonata as though they believe in it; and Artur and Karl Ulrich Schnabel give a good performance of the concerto with the London Symphony under Boult.

Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" is always played by a string orchestra nowadays; but one of the things the New Friends of Music did was to have the work played by a string quintet. What the Budapest or Roth or Kolisch Quartet would have achieved I can only guess; what the Pro Arte group did achieve is to be heard in a Victor two-record set ($4.50); and it is a convincing argument for buying the superb performance recorded by Bruno Walter with the Vienna Philharmonic (Victor: two records, $3.50).

Having found so little to get enthusiastic about in current releases, let me add that the final New Friends concert acquired distinction from the Budapest group's performances of Schubert's Quartet Opus 29 and Mozart's Quartet K. 465; that Victor issued these performances two or three years ago—the Schubert on four records ($6.50), the Mozart on three ($6.50); and that if you haven't them already don't lose another minute.

The most recent Benny Goodman records I have found deadly dull, except for an occasional solo phrase by Goodman (with the orchestra, not with the quartet) and Stacey's sensitive playing behind a singer.

B. H. HAGGIN

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A MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION OF THE JOHN DEWEY SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF EDUCATION AND CULTURE
Editor, GEORGE W. HARTMANN
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THE SOCIAL FRONTIER is a periodical for all who hold that education in the broadest possible sense is the master method for achieving and maintaining permanent social advances. It seeks to develop the implications of the view that effective cultural transformation rests upon the possession by key groups of
(1) Significant *facts* and principles about Nature, Man, and Society; and
(2) Tested scale of *values* with serviceable general ideals and intelligently chosen specific attitudes determined by (1).
Any person with teaching functions, or with an interest in their individual and communal consequences, will find THE SOCIAL FRONTIER useful.

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Letters to the Editors

Invitation to Crow Pie

Dear Sirs: Reading your leading editorial, Hull of Downing Street, in your current issue makes me wish I knew a good bird-fancier so I could come by the ingredients for a crow-pie party in your honor. Do you recall your memorable blast delivered on September 11, 1937, on Anti-British Hysteria, which began, "In the past few weeks there has suddenly arisen in certain circles a suspicion of British foreign policy which is almost hysterical in its intensity"? You had almost as much fun as your friend Sir Willmott Lewis would have been able to extract from "the suspicion . . . that England inveigled America into the World War to save its imperial interests." I was taken to task for writing a book which gave "very little space to a detailed analysis of England's shortcomings and a great deal to the vague assertion that the British Empire is consciously looking to the United States to pull its chestnuts out of the fire."

And do you recall your noble closing paragraph? It began, "Nothing could be more unfortunate than that this distrust should serve to prevent cooperation between the two countries when the closest unity of action is essential."

And now in your issue of May 21, 1938, you write, "One blinks one's eyes. [Indeed one does—at *The Nation* no less than at Secretary Hull, who now incurs your displeasure for continuing to act exactly as he has acted for the past six years.] Is this the Secretary of State of the Roosevelt Administration talking, or is it Neville Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary? There is not a single sentence in Mr. Hull's statement that might not with equal force have been written by Chamberlain or Halifax." And do you recall this statement: "If American neutrality policy runs counter to British interests, it will be rewritten to conform with them; likewise, if American devotion to the democratic principle inconveniences the British Foreign Office, on that score too Mr. Roosevelt will accommodate himself to Britain's convenience"? No, that statement did not appear in *The Nation;* it appeared in a book that was called "hysterical" and "biased" by editors who now write, "The sum of the matter is that the State Department has become an annex of the British Foreign Office in a sense and to a degree that has not been true since 1917."

In view of your record on the subject of Anglo-American relations I can't help wondering whether your present enthusiasm for "collective security," which you champion as ardently as you were championing collaboration with the Chamberlain government a few months ago, will not be overtaken by the same tragic fate. QUINCY HOWE

New York, May 19

Will the Nazis Go North?

Dear Sirs: Thwarted in the east, the Nazis are prepared to go north. A Nazi army double the size of the Danish army has been brought to the German-Danish border. Underground airports have been built pointing toward Denmark. Scores of athletic young Nazis are being sent to a school near Copenhagen where they will be in daily contact with some of the least educated and most dissatisfied Danish citizens. A Danish traitor has bought a large area of land in Jutland, and there in the courtyard of a huge house he drills the poor peasants who work for him in the ways of war while he publicly announces that he is training the new rulers of Denmark.

Denmark has butter, eggs, and meat needed by Germany, and no adequate protection. When Denmark is invaded, the present British rulers, in their short-sighted realism, will no doubt weigh a few Danish eggs against the heavy loans which British bankers have made to Germany. ROBERT MOREY

New Haven, Conn., May 18

Decimal Relief System

Dear Sirs: May I direct your attention to a vicious blow below the belt recently delivered to the workers on the cultural projects of the WPA and to the very projects themselves? Lester Bell, WPA budget director, has ruled that for each worker employed, a maximum of $1,000 per year is to be provided; out of this are to come a year's wages for the worker, the cost of supervision of the work, the cost of the material directly or indirectly consumed by the worker, and the rent of the quarters needed for the activity.

The wages of WPA workers are termed security wages and are viewed as supplying mere subsistence. Since the rates were established, the WPA has successfully resisted every attempt to adjust them to the mounting cost of living. The scheme devised by Mr. Bell, which has already resulted in the liquidation of many projects, is based on no consideration of humanity or reason. The figure of $1,000 has been arrived at not by any rational process but simply, one must conclude, because one thousand is a multiple of the decimal system.

Inasmuch as this arbitrary, bureaucratic, and inhuman provision of the budget director, if not checked, will inflict incalculable hardships upon thousands of workers and will disrupt and destroy activities that have called forth unstinted praise, I urge all who feel as I do to address themselves to the President, to Mr. Hopkins, to Congressmen, Senators, and to Mr. Bell himself.

ISIDORE EDELMAN

New York, May 16

Tragedies on Our Doorstep

Dear Sirs: It is natural that the attention of American liberals should be concentrated on China, Spain, and Czechoslovakia, but I am hoping that they will at least glance at the tragedies that are taking place on our doorstep—in the British West Indies.

A few weeks ago the petroleum workers of Trinidad struck for higher wages, and much blood was spilled. Next there was a "riot" in Barbados, which was also sanguinary and resulted in the illegal arrest of scores of workers. In Jamaica the unemployed of Kingston demonstrated on the race course and were met by armed police and ruthlessly dispersed. Later the canefield workers struck for higher wages and were attacked by policemen brought from Kingston. Cable dispatches report a clash between the workers of a sugar plantation and the police last week. The toll so far is five persons killed, fifty wounded, with nine of them expected to die, and seventy-three arrested.

It is customary to regard the British as models of efficiency in colonial affairs, but their record in the West Indies throws a revealing light upon British colonial methods when the profits of the landlords are threatened by the refusal of the impoverished people to work for 50 cents a day or less.

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Feeling the need for improving conditions in their homeland, a group of Jamaicans in New York have organized the Jamaica Progressive League for the purpose of fighting for self-government —dominion status—for their country. Two of the fundamental principles of the league are universal suffrage and the right of labor unions to function legally. Many middle-class Jamaicans have been aroused to their country's needs, and today the struggle for self-government is definitely a part of the political consciousness of the million and a quarter people of the island.

The working people of the West Indies are in the American orbit, and they have a right to expect help from Americans. The searchlight of publicity should be thrown upon the islands, with their poverty, exploitation, malnutrition, illiteracy, and murder of unarmed workers. W. A. DOMINGO, Vice-President,
Jamaica Progressive League

New York, May 9

New Zealanders in Spain

Dear Sirs: The cries of the outraged, bereaved workers of Spain come across twelve thousand miles of ocean and continent to the workers of New Zealand. Some of our doctors and nurses, hearing the call of humanity and financially supported by free-will offerings from trade unionists in this dominion, are already in Spain, a small though efficient unit in the medical services. How many New Zealanders are serving with the Loyalist forces is of course only known to officials of the Spanish government, but we are proud that, in addition to those already serving in the International Brigade and the aerial services, twenty of our citizens last week decided to go to London at their own expense and thence to Spain to fight.

These young men from "down under," citizens of a free democracy, have thrown up their jobs, home comforts, and the privileges of a sheltered community to assist a glorious cause—that of a free people against fascist dictators.

ARTHUR O'HALLORAN

Auckland, New Zealand, April 17

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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